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THE

BANKS OF THE DOURO;

OR, THE

MAID OF PORTUGAL.

A TALE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

By EMILY CLARK,

GRAND-DAUGHTER OF THE LATE COLONEL FREDERICK,

And Author of

TANTHE AND ERMINA MONTROSE.

Her gentle gaiety, and native ease,
Had won his soul——but ah! few days had pass'd,
E're his fond visions prov'd too sweet to last.

Pleasures of Memory.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED AT THE
Minerva-Press,
FOR LANE, NEWMAN, AND CO.
LEADENHALL-STREET.
1805.

249. r. 616.

THE

BANKS OF THE DOURO.

CHAP. I.

While thro' the rugged path of life we go,
All mortals taste the bitter draught of woe;
The fam'd and great, decreed to equal pain,
Full oft' in splendid wretchedness complain.

Falconer.

THE sun had retired behind the mountains, the broad expanse of the ocean was unruffled, and its waves slumbered on the shore. The waters of the river Douro gently washed its rocky banks, and the soft and cooling breezes that filled the air scarcely agitated its glassy bosom. It was

on this delightful evening that two female peasants, after having toiled during the oppressive heat of the day, seated themselves at the door of their humble habitation, (which was situated near the river,) to enjoy the reviving freshness of the fanning zephyrs.

They cheerfully chatted together, happy to resign the fatigue they had endured for their present repose, when their attention was suddenly directed to a lady, who advanced slowly towards them, covered with a *mantilha*,* and appeared so weak and ill, that she would frequently stop for some minutes and seem unable to proceed.

As they were hesitating, and consulting if they should offer to assist her, unaided she reached their residence, and requested permission to enter it; then throwing off her mantilha, discovered at the same moment the beautiful and elegant form of a girl of sixteen, who clasped to her bosom

* A Cloak worn by the Portuguese women.

an

infant of some weeks old. With a countenance expressive of the deepest sorrow, and tears of anguish bedewing her pale sweet face, she threw herself at their feet, raised her fine black eyes that swam in tears to heaven, as if to implore its pity, and in the most moving accents, though frequently interrupted by sobs that burst with the heartfelt sighs from her bosom, implored them, in the name of the Holy Virgin, to keep secret her ever having been there, to conceal the child she held in her arms for a few hours only, and at midnight a person would come from her to take it away.

The astonished peasants were at first mute with surprise; but recollecting themselves, as they were, fortunately for the young stranger, humane, good-natured, and interested for her from the loveliness of her person, and the sweetness and melancholy softness of her manners, they faithfully promised not to divulge her visit, and to

conceal her infant from every curious eye. This promise appeared to relieve her mind; and she assured them that on their adherence to it, not only her own life but that of the hapless babe's depended.

After some more conversation she arose to depart, having presented Josepha, the elder peasant, and her daughter Catalina, with a purse of gold, as a reward for their kindness and humanity. She could not, however, though she said it was of the utmost consequence that she should instantly hasten away, resist lingering to look at the child and weep over it; then apparently making the most painful effort to snatch herself from beholding this object so dear to her, she walked as quickly as her trembling limbs would permit her, from the habitation of the peasants, without once turning her head to look back again; as if she dared not trust her eyes to review the spot where the sweet babe remained, from whom she had so reluctantly torn herself.

Josepha

Josepha and her daughter gazed after her till she was no longer discernible; and lamented to each other, that this young and charming lady should thus early in life be the prey of grief. The whole transaction had been quite unexpected, and the compassion they felt so great, that it had left them no moments for reflection; but now that they had time to think, they blamed their imprudence, in not requesting the lady, whom they concluded to be the mother of the infant, to inform them of her name and place of abode; as they could have assured her, with truth, that they would preserve the most inviolable secresy.

From her graceful manners, elegant dress and velvet shoes, (which at the period of this narrative were only worn in Portugal by females of distinction,) they had no doubt of her being a person of consequence; and conjectured that she was probably the daughter of some Grandee, who had either dishonored her family, or was married

clandestinely; most probably obliged by a cruel necessity to place confidence in strangers, or otherwise risk exposing the life of her infant or the man she loved, to the resentment of her enraged relatives: for in that warm region, where revenge and jealousy are predominant passions, the blood of the offender was generally sacrificed to the wounded honor of those he had disgraced.

The peasants had at first been alarmed, from the apprehension that the child might be left for them to maintain; but they considered again that this circumstance was very improbable, if their conjectures were well-founded; as leaving the infant unprovided for, would lead to many inquiries, and end most likely in the discovery of the author of its being.

While these and various other thoughts floated in their minds, the little babe had not been neglected; and to still its feeble cries,

cries, that seemed a mournful presage of the misfortunes to which, in all probability, it was destined, from its extraordinary and melancholy introduction to them, they moistened its lips with some warm goat's milk, and soon composed it to rest, as it appeared a quiet, good-tempered infant.

Contrary, however, to the assertions of the lady, no one came that night to fetch it away; yet they were not alarmed, as they considered that some particular event might have happened, to prevent her sending for the child at the time she had appointed. Several days, however, elapsed, and no intelligence reaching them, they began to be seriously uneasy at having, poor as they were (for they subsisted entirely by washing and spinning) an infant to support who had no claim on them, and gave them considerable trouble, impeding either one or the other from pursuing the avocations by which they supported themselves.

In this painful and perplexing dilemma, they knew not any chance of relieving themselves, but by applying to an English lady of fashion, who employed them to wash for her, and resided at a quinta not far from their habitation.

This lady had left England in a very indifferent state of health, and did not intend returning to it till quite recovered. The benevolent actions she had performed amongst the neighbouring poor, inclined Josepha and her daughter to hope she would, when acquainted with the story, take the deserted infant under her protection. This they earnestly wished might happen, being much interested in its fate; and thinking it more eligible for the child to be under this lady's care, and indebted to her for support, than if they provided for it themselves; which they were only capable of doing in a very confined manner, inferior and undeserving, they were convinced, of its birth.

This

This sweet little infant was a female, and promised, though not more than six weeks old, to be very beautiful: it was fair as alabaster, with blue eyes, and totally unlike its mother, who was a lovely brunette,

After much consultation on the subject, they at length formed the resolution to immediately repair to the quinta, where the English lady resided; and, placing their design in execution, Catalina carried the child and Josepha walked by her side, with a small basket of remarkable fine fruit, as a present to the lady.

On their arrival at Meragaya, the name of the place where the lady's quinta was situated, they requested to speak with Lady Archdale; and as her ladyship was ever easy of access, they were conducted to an apartment where she was sitting with her son and daughter, the former about four and the latter six years of age.

Josepha, with a low courtesy, presented her humble gift, which was received with a gracious smile. This affability encouraged the good peasant, who then proceeded to relate the adventure which had befallen them. Lady Archdale appeared much interested in her recital, and when she had concluded, ordered the child to be brought near that she might examine it; and taking it in her arms, shed a tear of compassion on its innocent face.

The pretty babe, unconscious of the pity it excited, repaid her tear with a sweet dimpled smile; and twining its plump little hand round her finger, gently pressed it. At this artless and infantine expression of affection, the softest emotions of benevolence vibrated through the heart of the amiable Lady Archdale, and she involuntarily exclaimed :—

"Yes, sweet infant, thy silent but expressive appeal to my humanity, shall not be

be given in vain. Since thy natural protectors have disclaimed thee, I will supply their place, and be to thee, father, mother and tenderest friend."

As she uttered these words she restored the child to Catalina, assuring Josepha and herself that they might make their minds quite at ease, as from that hour she should pay for the maintenance of the infant, and allow them a sum of money adequate to the expences they would be at on its account, more than sufficient amply to reward them for any trouble it would cause. They were to nurse it, she added, till it was a twelvemonth old; and she should herself, she said, frequently visit their habitation to witness the child's improvements, and sometimes have it brought to Meragaya.

Lady Archdale then inquired if it had been christened, and being answered in the negative, had the ceremony instantly performed by her chaplain; herself and Mrs.

Audley, a respectable woman who had lived many years with her, standing as godmothers: Dr. Warrington, her son's tutor, was godfather to the sweet infant, who was named Amelrosa de Merida, in remembrance of a Portuguese lady who was inexpressibly dear to her ladyship, and had died early in life.

Julia and Edmund Archdale, her lovely children, were delighted with the pretty babe. They detained Josepha and Catalina almost the whole day, so great an object of curiosity and entertainment the child became to them. They were never tired of looking at it, and repeatedly wished she was old enough for them to play with. At length, however, the peasants were dismissed, and returned home elated with their success; pleased with having the care of Amelrosa, and in admiration of the goodness, affability and beneficence of Lady Archdale; whose virtues they implored heaven to reward, with every blessing it could bestow.

Lady

Lady Archdale, at this period, was in the thirtieth year of her age. She was the youngest daughter of a Captain Sidney; and herself and sister, who was a year or two older, had been two celebrated beauties. Miss Sidney was in general reckoned the most handsome: her eyes were of a sparkling black, her hair dark, and her complexion clear brunette, with a rich glow on it that the finest paint could not equal.

Miss Julia Sidney was quite the reverse, both in person and manners; she had more understanding than her sister, but less vivacity; was gentle, dignified, yet affable: her complexion emulated the whiteness of the lily, the tint of her cheek the palest blush of the rose: her eyes were soft, blue and languishing; her hair light; her figure tall and finely formed, with hands and arms of particular beauty. Miss Sidney was not so fine a figure, excessively proud and haughty; but she possessed numberless virtues notwithstanding this fault.

Amongst

Amongst their numerous train of admirers, for they were surrounded with them, as they were quite the fashion though fortune they had none, was the young Earl of Clermont; who became violently enamoured of Julia Sidney. He was elegant, handsome and amiable, which caused the susceptible heart of his mistress to soon return an attachment, the sincerity of which she had no reason to doubt.

In a few months their fates were to have been united; business, however of an important nature, in this interval called Lord Clermont to a distant kingdom; and to soften the tediousness of absence, they had agreed to frequently correspond. The letters, however, they wrote to each other, were intercepted by a false friend; who heigthened the flame of resentment in Lord Clermont's bosom, by the most malignant and plausible falsehoods; which appeared more probable from her never answering a single letter he wrote: and the unfortunate

nate Julia heard no more of her lover, for whom she mourned in secret, till being one morning at court when the Queen held a drawing-room, she beheld him enter with his bride, who was introduced to be presented to her Majesty on their marriage.

Kept in ignorance by her friends of the event that had taken place, from the fear of wounding her feelings, which they could not endure to witness, this unexpected blow fell with redoubled violence; and the fatal sound of the Earl and Lady Clermont no sooner reached her ear than her knees trembled, the light forsook her eyes, and she fainted away. Lifeless they conveyed her home, where for some weeks she was confined to her bed with a violent fever. She recovered by slow degrees, resolving as her mind became more firm, to struggle against an affection that had been so ill requited; and convince the object of it, that after the first shock of a surprise so cruel, she could bear the loss of him with the

the same indifference he had himself evinced.

When her health was restored, in consequence of this resolution, careless of happiness and to please her parents, who were not in affluent circumstances, though nobly descended, she listened to the overtures of a wealthy Baronet, well stricken in years, who was most violently in love with her; and from these considerations and in compassion to his sufferings, she gave, at the age of nineteen, her hand to Sir Oliver Archdale; who was more than twice her age, as he was bordering on fifty.

He had made his addresses to her previous to Lord Clermont, and been rejected; but the Baronet was persevering, being deeply enamoured; and no sooner discovered that the chief obstacle was removed, than he seized the favorable opportunity of renewing his suit, when her mind was agitated by grief, anger, and the pangs of disap-

disappointed love, and became successful beyond his most sanguine wishes.

Soon after Julia's marriage with Sir Oliver, she learnt most unfortunately the treachery that had been practised on Lord Clermont and herself—an information that wrung her breast with keenest anguish, and made her more severely regret the haste in which, goaded by resentment, she had resigned her liberty; for the mind and sentiments of Sir Oliver were so opposite to her own, that to find contentment with him was impossible.

He was originally of mean extraction, having rose to rank and riches by a combination of fortuitous circumstances: he was proud and arrogant to his inferiors in fortune, his haughtiness almost insufferable to witness, very illiberal in his ideas; and, though he had a handsome, noble-looking person, with the outward varnish and polish of good-breeding, he was not a companion

panion for Julia,—his disposition being sordid and uncharitable, overwhelmed with prejudices, and destitute of real refinement.

Conscious that she had sacrificed her youth and beauty to one so much older than herself, he was jealous of the attentions she received; but far from irritating him, by a conduct different to what he could have wished; like a woman of sense and amiable mind, she endeavored to soothe him into good humour, and coincided in almost every point with his inclinations. Though so young she dressed plain and grave, to give her an older appearance, that she might not excite Sir Oliver's jealousy; from having observed that many men are inclined to be presumptuous when they see a young and lovely woman, married to a man so much superior in years.

Elegant, beautiful and fascinating, in whatever character she appeared, she charmed all hearts; but the disappointment she

she had suffered in her first attachment, and her unsuccessful efforts to soften the asperity of Sir Oliver's temper, had tinged her countenance with a degree of melancholy that, whilst it took from the lustre of her beauty, rendered her more interesting to every soul of sensibility. The disparity in their ages, tastes and pursuits, and the remembrance of what she had lost, preyed heavily on her mind and affected her health.

Of several children Lady Archdale had given birth to, none survived but Edmund and Julia; and about five months before the appearance of Amelrosa's supposed mother at Josepha's habitation, her ladyship was seized with a dangerous fit of illness, attended with symptoms of a consumption, for which the physicians prescribed a warmer climate, as a remedy that promised success. This, Sir Oliver was anxious she should try; as the idea of losing her, coldly as he had treated her, was insupportable; acknowledging to himself that she had been

the

the best of wives and most exemplary of mothers.

Lady Archdale, therefore, embarked for Portugal; as she wished for the sake of those so dear to her, and to whom her life was truly valuable, to have her health restored. She fixed on a residence in the vicinity of Oporto, which she preferred to Lisbon, merely from its having been the favorite spot of Donna Amelrosa de Merida; the particular friend, whose name she had given to the deserted infant, and with whom she had become acquainted when about fifteen years of age; at a time when her father, Captain Sidney's, regiment was stationed in Portugal,—her mother, her sister and herself having accompanied him there.

Sir Oliver's affairs obliged him to remain in England till the month of July, when she expected him to visit her; but only for a few months, as he was necessitated to return

return at the expiration of that time to England. Lady Archdale's health became considerably amended by the warm air she breathed; and resolved to remain there some years, as the retirement in which she lived was more pleasing to her, than the fashionable life Sir Oliver would always lead in London, where in general she chiefly resided. Here likewise she had less of his company, and only mixed in such society as she liked.

With the country she was much charmed, and in the innocent enjoyment and contemplation of the beauties of nature, and in superintending the education of her children and performing acts of beneficence, her moments glided gently on in a delightful calm, such as she had not experienced for many years; and she felt the most grateful emotions towards the Supreme Author of her existence, for permitting her once more in this world to taste repose and peace.

Pleased

Pleased with the most tender and attentive solicitude by the good Josepha, and protected and supported by the excellent Lady Archdale, the little Amelrosa was at a twelvemonth old, one of the sweetest children the eye ever beheld: her light hair fell in clustering ringlets round her fair and blooming face; and the arch expression of her dark blue laughing eyes, attracted the delighted attention of every person that beheld her.

Her affectionate nurse was nearly inconsolable at parting from her, as her ladyship, at the expiration of the year received the little deserted girl into her house; where she became quite a plaything for Julia and Edmund, who were impatient for her arrival, and frequently been to visit her at Josepha's cottage.

The early days of her infancy passed in the happiest manner, as she was of a sweet disposition, a very lively child, prattled both

both English and Portuguese, and was so good-natured that she was beloved by all Lady Archdale's family, with the exception of Sir Oliver; who often repeated that he hoped her ladyship would not, at some future time, repent having incumbered herself with the support of a child that had no claim on them; and that he by no means approved of such very expensive acts of charity.

These observations had not, however, any effect as they caused no alteration in Lady Archdale's conduct to Amelrosa.—She listened to him in silence, resolved never to relinquish the resolutions she had formed in her favor, unless she proved unworthy; as her motives for protecting the deserted child were those of the purest benevolence. She did not, like Sir Oliver, expend large sums of money in useless ostentation, but in real acts of charity: her son Edmund had scarcely attained his fourth year, when a tutor was engaged for him

him at a very expensive salary; a circumstance Lady Archdale would have regretted exceedingly, had it not provided for an excellent, learned and accomplished man, in an embarrassed situation, from which the instruction of her son had relieved him. Mrs. Audley, her daughter's governess, she would have thought quite competent to instruct little Edmund for two or three years longer; but Sir Oliver's will she rarely opposed in the slightest degree, and in this case less than ever, as it would have injured the worthy Doctor Warrington.

Amelia, as she increased in years, evinced the most brilliant talents, with the same sweetness of disposition; and her benefactress, whose liberality is seldom to be equalled, and who wished to give her an education that might enable her to support herself like a gentlewoman, should any unexpected misfortunes befal her, had masters to teach her music, drawing, Italian, and French, expending a considerable sum on her

her education. Mrs. Audley instructed her in English grammar, and those ornamental and useful works, so proper for every lady to be acquainted with.

Amelrosa endeavored, as much as possible, to profit by the information she received; as to cultivate her talents, she knew would please her ladyship; and strove by every method in her power, to express her gratitude for the obligations she owed her,—having early learnt from Josepha, that she was dependent on her bounty; but the extraordinary and mysterious circumstances of her birth, were carefully concealed from her by Lady Archdale's desire.

Innocent and happy, she knew no sorrow till she attained her tenth year, and then for the first time tasted the bitter draught of affliction, at being separated from her beloved Julia Archdale. This was indeed the only cause of real regret she had ever known; for though Sir Oliver

would frequently frown and speak severely to her, she heeded it but little, as she always received more kindness from her ladyship when he had treated her with ill-humour.

Julia Archdale was between sixteen and seventeen, possessed of an excellent disposition, a pretty person, and extremely sensible and witty. She had been some months attached to a gentleman that was approved by her mother, but not by her father,—who insisted on her marrying the son of a Baronet, exceedingly disagreeable to her, and whose fortune was very limited. Sir Oliver had been persuaded to this match by two pretended friends of his, very high in rank, whose advice he always implicitly followed.

They were secretly the friends of Sir John Ponsonby; and anxious to get his son married to a woman of good fortune, and Miss Archdale having twenty thousand pounds

pounds for her fortune, great expectations from an old relation, and an immense sum of money besides at the death of her parents, they were very urgent with Sir Oliver to unite his daughter to Sir John's son.

Julia, finding no other method to avoid this detested marriage, actually eloped with her lover, Colonel Douglas, with an intention of being married to him; but unfortunately she was overtaken in her flight, and suffered in consequence of her father's wrath, the most strict confinement and severest treatment, from which she had no hopes of extricating herself, but by giving her hand to Mr. Ponsonby.

At length, wearied by persecution, she consented, in a fit of despair, to become the wife of a man she hated.—The settlements were drawn up, and the nuptials to be celebrated the following Wednesday; but when the day arrived, at the moment the ceremony was to begin, and Sir Oliver

to give his daughter away, he was seized with an apoplectic fit, and almost instantly expired.

Though she could not love or esteem him, yet the shock of his sudden death was inexpressibly wounding to the feelings of Lady Archdale; and at a moment so remarkable, she could not help thinking, though not inclined to superstition, was a fatal omen that her daughter's destiny would not be a fortunate one.

She would have rejoiced to set aside the marriage, but the rectitude of her principles would not suffer her to attempt it, as her honor was now engaged that it should take place, having been so nearly concluded; and a short time after the death of Sir Oliver, Julia was privately married to Mr. Ponsonby, and set out with him in a few days for England—leaving her mother a prey to sorrow, as the pain she suffered at parting from her, was aggravated by

by the fear that she had sealed her future misery, as neither her heart or judgment approved this union.

Lady Archdale wished ardently to have accompanied her daughter, but her delicate health was so very indifferent, from the agitation she had suffered on Julia's account and the shock of Sir Oliver's sudden death, that the physician who attended her, said it would be of fatal consequence to her, if she encountered the foggy atmosphere of Britain, under her present indisposition.

Eager, therefore, to preserve an existence so valuable to her children, she suffered herself to be persuaded, and remained in Portugal with no other companion but Amelrosa, —Sir Edmund having been some years at Eton for his education. Amelrosa though so young, and often weeping for the loss of her dear Julia, yet concealed her regret as much as possible, that she might not

aggravate the grief of her benefactress; and as she advanced in years, became a source of real consolation to her; for Lady Archdale's health still continuing precarious, she was obliged to remain several years longer at Meragaya, though her whole soul was in England with her daughter.

At thirteen, Amelrosa was so tall and well formed, that she had the appearance of a girl of sixteen; more especially as her understanding and manners, from having chiefly associated with Lady Archdale, were better formed, and superior to those of her age in general: and Sir Edmund, who at that period came home to see his mother, was surprised at the alteration in her person since he had last seen her.

Sir Edmund was seventeen; tall, elegant, and exceedingly handsome; ardently attached to his mother, to whom he was the most dutiful and affectionate of sons, and was beloved by her with an affection so tender,

tender, that when he was with her she forgot the sorrows of her life, and felt the pain of being separated from her daughter considerably lessened; for, sensible, good-natured and attentive, he was the most agreeable companion in the world. He would read to his mother and Amelrosa, to amuse them as they sat at work in the beranda before the quinta; which was covered with grape vines, whose purple clusters hung luxuriantly among the verdant foliage; and the cool breezes of evening wafted the most fragrant perfumes from an orange and lemon grove at a little distance.

Amelrosa sometimes played on the harp, or sung to the harmonious tones that Sir Edmund drew from the flute, on which he performed most exquisitely. This quinta where Lady Archdale resided was not large, but exceedingly well calculated for the country in which she lived, as the apartments were all on the ground floor, and opened with glass doors into the gardens.

In front of the house were berandas, filled with the most odoriferous and beautiful flowers, and shaded, as before mentioned, by the twining branches of the grape-vines.

The gardens were elegantly laid out in the English style, having been the property of a British merchant, who had consulted his own taste, which was a very good one, in the disposition of these grounds; and he likewise had dispersed throughout them an amazing number of curious and valuable plants and shrubs. At the extremity of the gardens was a pretty summer-house, built over a wall that commanded a view of the high road. It had the form of a small gothic temple, and on the outside myrtles, jasmin, and other sweet-scented shrubs, were trained nearly to cover it.

The inside was ornamented with painted cabinets, tables and chairs, and the walls embellished with Mrs. Ponsonby's and Amel-

Amelrosa's drawings. Sir Edmund had no taste for drawing himself, though he took pleasure in beholding the performances of others; but here hung his musical instruments, and in one of the cabinets were music books, implements for writing, painting and drawing; and a fine toned harp stood in a small recess in the summer-house.

Sir Edmund and Amelrosa frequently walked, after the heat of the day was past, in a grove of pines near the river; where he would make the moments glide sweetly on, in the most delightful manner, by giving her an account of England, of the life which people of fashion led there, and various other topics of conversation, improving and entertaining, that amused and instructed her.

Lady Archdale seldom accompanied them, as she could not endure much exercise from the delicate state of her health;

but she always promoted her son and Amelrosa's taking every innocent recreation that they took pleasure in. In their walks they often met with groups of peasants dancing in the shade, to the sound of the guitar or viola,—the women smartly dressed in their holiday suits, some with pink baize jackets and green petticoats of the same materials, trimmed with pink ribbons; others of a similar form and texture, but of different colours; and their sloe-black hair, smoothly combed and fastened in a knot at the top of their head; which gave them altogether, as they had sprightly black eyes and animated countenances, a very pleasing appearance.—They were remarkably graceful in their movements, their shapes easy and unconfined by stays, and so upright that it was a common sight to see a Portuguese woman carrying a pail of water, or spinning with a young child in a basket on the top of her head. Sir Edmund and Amelrosa would sometimes join the peasants in their dance, and excite the utmost admi-

admiration by their beauty, grace, and affability.

Thus cheerfully and innocently did their passing hours advance, whilst the purest friendship for each other, every hour increased. The most benevolent and rational pursuits engaged their attention, and some new virtue and perfection almost daily disclosed itself.

This blissful state, however, felt some diminution in the opinion of Lady Archdale and Amelrosa, by the absence of Sir Edmund, after a residence of several months with them. He left Meragaya to visit an English gentleman and his son, having been to school with the latter, for whom he had conceived a warm friendship; and their country house to which he was going, was about ten miles from his mother's quinta. He had promised Lady Archdale to return in a few weeks, which consoled them in some degree for his absence.

But a fortnight after his departure, her ladyship was taken exceedingly ill, and the following day to such an alarming degree, that an express was sent off the next morning to Sir Edmund, to inform him of it. Sir Edmund, who loved his parent with unequalled tenderness, was overwhelmed with affliction; and as neither horses or carriage could be procured for him at the moment the intelligence came, he would not wait for them, but set out on foot for Meragaya.

The weather was exceedingly hot; he walked very fast, which, added to the agitation of his mind on his mother's account, inflamed his blood so violently, that a dangerous fever was the consequence. Amelrosa anxiously attended Lady Archdale and her beloved son, trembling for the lives of beings so dear to her; while the anxiety they suffered for each other, made them both a great deal worse; but all that the tenderest and most feeling of relatives could have

have done, to evince affection and attention towards a beloved object, did Amelrosa perform,—assiduously watching over them both, and thought her cares amply rewarded at seeing her ladyship perfectly recovered, and Sir Edmund get considerably the better of his fever. However, though appearances seemed at first favorable, they were deceitful, and of fatal consequence was the illness of this amiable young man; as the violence of the fever had so much shaken his constitution, not strong before from his having grown very rapidly, that he had every symptom of going into a decline, being at that time six feet high though little more than seventeen.

The fond and charmed mother no sooner learnt from the physicians their apprehensions for him, than she immediately took him to Lisbon, in hopes the change of air would be beneficial to his health. They remained there several months, but he visibly grew worse; and expressing a wish to

to return to Meragaya, they all repaired thither; and Lady Archdale consumed the melancholy hours in keenest anguish, from the fear of losing him, who was alone left to console her for her sorrows. As she saw him by degrees waste away, she would retire, her heart bursting with grief, to another apartment; and relieve the anguish of her mind by showers of tears:—and the affectionate, feeling Amelrosa, who loved Sir Edmund as a dearest brother, frequently mingled her tears with the unfortunate parent's, and bitterly mourned her afflictions, who had not this sorrow alone to struggle with; but the cruel knowledge that her daughter was miserable from the ill treatment of Mr. Ponsonby; to whom she had made the greatest sacrifices, from a principle of duty and great goodness of heart, though she had never loved or esteemed him.

The fortune she brought him he had spent, and she had, with a prudence uncommon

common for her years, and for a young and beautiful woman living in the fashionable world, laid down her carriage and retrenched every thing that was extravagant: but for this amiable conduct he had shewn no gratitude, treated her with savage ill humour, intrigued with a number of other women, and did not evince any affection for his children—to whom she was the best of mothers.

These circumstances preyed heavily on the mind of poor Lady Archdale, and, added to the illness of her son, almost rent her heart: however, while there is life hope exists, and she flattered herself he might still live to comfort her declining years. Amelrosa hoped the same, but alas! vain were their expectations—he gradually grew worse, and at length so dangerously ill, that Lady Archdale never quitted him; and slept or rather watched every night in his bed-chamber, where she had a sofa placed for her to throw her wearied form on, when disposed to doze a little.

On

On the fifth night after her being there, his illness became more alarming than ever, and she sat by him the whole night till quite exhausted, as her own health was very indifferent, with fatigue and grief. Sir Edmund was then dying, though she was ignorant of it; and anxious to the last about his mother, as he perceived how much she suffered, he turned to her as she was supporting him in her arms, and wiping the dewy damps from his forehead, said, with the greatest expression of affection,—"As you love me, my dearest mother, take some refreshment."

These were the last words that lingered on his lips, as he expired almost at the instant he finished uttering them,—anxious to the latest moment of his existence for his beloved parent. Thus died, just as he had attained his eighteenth year, the handsome, elegant and virtuous Sir Edmund Archdale—leaving his excellent mother a prey to the most poignant anguish that ever wounded

wounded a human breast; and dreadful was the sight of sorrow, that not any thing could alleviate or console.

Yet, martyr as she was to affliction, she had so much fortitude in all her distress as not to forget her other child; and took such methods with Mr. Ponsonby, who arrived in Portugal soon after her son's decease, that she prevailed with him amicably, to settle part of the immense fortune Sir Edmund had left, upon her daughter. Her ladyship had sent for Mr. Ponsonby some months before, and Mrs. Ponsonby was to have accompanied him, had she not been near her confinement with her third child.

After this mental exertion, Lady Archdale sunk into a state of almost total insensibility, a kind of derangement took possession of her mind, and she lost the use of her limbs. By proper remedies she fortunately recovered from these dreadful complaints; but her mind had received so deep

deep a wound, and her health such severe injury, that she was never well but for a very short time; almost always indisposed, dejected, and sometimes a species of the same melancholy derangement would take possession of her. Amelrosa, who loved and mourned Sir Edmund, restrained her own grief that she might administer consolation to the mother that he adored, and by the most soothing attentions strove to remove her dejection.

Lady Archdale perceived with satisfaction, the grateful affection and tender assiduity of this amiable girl; though she knew how unavailing were all her efforts to remove the misery that pervaded her breast; but notwithstanding the distraction of her mind she was anxious for her welfare, and beheld with regret that Amelrosa could scarcely be persuaded to quit her, even to take a walk in the garden; and the pernicious effects of this confinement was visible on her countenance, which appeared pale and

and emaciated. From observing this alteration, which gave her extreme pain, she resolved to express in the evening an inclination to sleep, and that she might be left alone, as the presence of a third person would disturb her; and placing her design in execution, she requested Amelrosa would take a walk while she slept, telling her very seriously she should be displeased if she did not, as she was convinced the want of air and the closeness of a sick chamber had been very prejudicial to her health.

Unwilling and unused to dispute the commands of her benefactress, though anxious to be near her lest she should awake before she returned and require her attentions, she complied immediately; and in a few weeks received infinite benefit, and recovered her looks and spirits. This Lady Archdale no sooner discovered, than she insisted on her continuing a practice that had been of so much benefit to her; and Amelrosa now scrupled less at leaving her lady-

ladyship, as Mrs. Audley, who had been a twelvemonth in England with Mrs. Ponsonby at her particular request, was returned to Meragaya; and the sight of her gave an emotion of joy to Lady Archdale's woe worn heart, as she was very fond of her.

Her lovely pupil was likewise much attached to her, and felt delighted to see her after such a long absence. When Amelrosa trod those walks where she had been accustomed to have Sir Edmund for a companion, she was melancholy and unhappy, and endeavored to seek out new spots that would not remind her of him. She often visited her nurse's cottage, and sometimes Catalina, who had been married several years and resided at the Castle of Almara, having married Lopez, a servant of Don Rodrick de Montalvan; and on their marriage Don Rodrick had given them permission to reside at the Castle, and allowed them a yearly stipend for taking

ing care of it, as he seldom made it a visit, and when he did, for a very short time.—It was situated about two miles from Meragaya, and the walk to it was delightful.

CHAP. II.

Her spotless soul, where soft compassion reign'd,
No vice untun'd, no sickening folly stain'd.

Falconer.

A TWELVEMONTH elapsed after the death of Sir Edmund, without lessening but in a trifling degree the poignancy of his mother's grief; and her health, though considerably amended, was still very precarious,—a circumstance that distressed her exceedingly,

exceedingly, as she wished ardently to be near her daughter, the only child she had remaining; and her soul seemed now to cling more than ever to her. However, she was obliged to restrain her impatience, being so weak and ill that a sea voyage would certainly have hastened her death; and meekly resigned she yet looked forward with hope, when the day, however far distant, might arrive, that would permit her to clasp her loved Julia to her maternal bosom, and to embrace her grand-children.

Her tender and compassionate heart had induced her to disguise from Amelrosa, the singular circumstance that introduced her to her knowledge, and her total ignorance of who were her parents; having always led her to understand, that she was the orphan daughter of a distant relation of her ladyship's, whom she had from benevolent motives, as she had no fortune, taken under her protection.

Her

Her grateful heart, therefore, overflowed with such warmth of gratitude towards her benefactress, that it could scarcely have been heightened had she known the still higher obligations she owed to her protecting goodness. Josepha and Catalina were enjoined to secresy on the subject, on pain of her displeasure; and though Amelrosa was much attached to them from the affection they evinced to her from infancy, and continually making presents to them from the pocket-money allowed her by Lady Archdale, and frequently visited them, they were never once tempted to disclose to her any of the transactions relative to her, in which they had borne so conspicuous a part.

Sometimes Amelrosa would ask her nurse if she ever remembered her mother; but Josepha always either evaded the question, or returned some answer as near the truth as possible, and that could not raise any suspicion in her artless mind. Many of the

the peasants in the neighbourhood of her cottage were, however, acquainted with the story, having gained their information from Josepha; who, enraptured at that time the event took place with Lady Archdale's goodness and bounty to her, wished to promulgate it every where; which she now repented, from the fear that it should become known to Amelrosa,—but notwithstanding these circumstances, it had never reached her ears; as she was too much respected for her affability, benevolence, and sweetness of manners, to receive any impertinent information.

The dispenser of Lady Archdale's charities, she was regarded by the poor people as an angelic being; and for several miles round there was not a poor habitation within that distance but she had visited. If any of the peasants were sick she attended them with medicines, cordials, took care herself that they had medical advice, if necessary, and that every attention

was

was paid to them. If their wives were near laying-in, she always made baby-linen for their use, and provided them with every comfort for their approaching confinement.

As Amelrosa was one evening walking up a steep hill, she met an old woman of a most venerable appearance, bending almost to the earth beneath a large bundle of sticks. Affected at seeing one so aged thus painfully burthened, she stopped, and entering into conversation with her, asked how old she was, in the sweetest tone of voice. The poor woman replied that she was near ninety, and obliged to pick up sticks for a subsistence, being most wretchedly distressed. Rich gems of pity, brighter than the sparkling diamond, strayed down the blooming cheek of the humane Amelrosa, to think at such an advanced age, this venerable sufferer should be obliged thus to toil daily for a miserable subsistence; and giving her a piece of silver, desired her to come the next morning to Meragaya, and

she would see what could be done for her. Accordingly the old woman, who was named Barbara, came as she was requested, and her situation having been represented to Lady Archdale, a weekly allowance was settled on her, sufficient to support her happily.

As she was very much in want of clothes, Amelrosa gave her some of her own that she could no longer wear, and among the rest, an old night-dress, trimmed with lace of trifling value; but it struck Barbara as such a fine dress, that she begged when she died, that she might be buried in it; in remembrance of Signora Amelrosa's kindness; and departed in raptures at her goodness, considering herself as indebted to her for Lady Archdale's bounty.

She came regularly every week for her allowance, and always brought with her some fruit or sweetmeat, wrapped up in a piece of cloth of snowy whiteness, as a present

present to the Signora; and this trifling mark of gratitude, which was all the poor Barbara had to bestow, pleased her exceedingly, as it shewed the genuine grateful feelings of her heart.

She did not indeed always meet with gratitude equal to the venerable Barbara's; but if the benefits she conferred were ill requited, it never lessened her beneficence. Returning from a visit to her nurse, she was accosted by a female beggar, of the most neat and wholesome appearance, who had a child in her arms, wrapped in clean flannel. The uncommon cleanliness of the woman's apparel, struck Amelrosa with a prejudice in her favor, and she asked her if she could not fix on any more creditable method of life than begging.—The woman replied, she should be happy to quit such a mode of living, but having a child, a sick husband, and in great poverty, she had no other resource.

Hearing her repeat this, which gave her a favorable opinion of her, Amelrosa supplied her with decent apparel for herself and child, and with Lady Archdale's approbation, hired a cottage for her in the adjacent hamlet, consisting of two rooms; and set her up in a little shop, filled with trifling articles which were wanted by the neighbouring poor and convenient for the housekeepers in the vicinity, and did not cost much money; and this was an excellent plan for her, as she could wait on her husband, who held the child for her when she attended in the shop; and with great ease she did very well for some time, maintaining herself and family comfortably, purchasing fresh goods when the others were expended.

One day, however, she came to Amelrosa, and said her husband was quite recovered, and that they should manage still better if he could raise money to buy leather, as he could then set up his old trade

of

of shoe-making, being a very good workman, and had got a great deal of money till disabled by a long illness.

Willing to encourage them, she gave the woman a moidore, telling her, she only lent it her husband and that he was to pay it her again. The woman seemed very thankful, and when her husband had purchased the leather, Amelrosa and Lady Archdale's servant had each a pair of shoes of him, which were very decently made. After some time the woman returned the moidore; and Amelrosa, pleased with their honesty, gave her the moidore back again, saying she would lend it to them once more for three or four months, till they were established in business.—But in fact, she intended at last to make them a present of it, pretending to lend it, that the idea of repaying it might be a spur to the husband's industry.

A few days after her second loan of the

moidore, she called at their habitation to send the husband to a lady, who was going to employ him on her recommendation to make a pair of shoes, and to her great astonishment found their apartments entirely bare of every thing, not a vestige of any furniture remaining. While she stood motionless with surprise at this unexpected sight, a woman who lived next door and had seen her enter, came forward and informed her that they had gone off the preceding evening with the whole of their property.

Amelrosa neither saw nor heard any thing of them for some months, till being one day in the streets of the city of Oporto, she beheld the woman and child begging, in nearly the same state as when she first met with her. At the sight of our heroine she fled hastily away, who soon after learnt that from a love of idleness and a bad disposition, herself and husband preferred begging to a more industrious and respectable

pectable method of gaining their bread.—Amelrosa regretted their depravity, and that she had bestowed her charity on such worthless objects; it did not, however, lessen her benevolence, and she would not risk neglecting to serve one distressed being from the fear of being deceived.

One evening, at her usual time for walking, Amelrosa set out to visit her nurse, but finding her from home she thought she might probably be gone to see her daughter Catalina; and with the hope of having the two-fold satisfaction of beholding them both together, a pleasure she had not enjoyed for some weeks past, her inclination led her to turn her steps to Almaraz. At a short distance from the cottage of Josepha, she opened a gate which led to a narrow path made through a wood that encompassed the Castle, and extended for some miles round; and having walked about a mile, came within sight of its white turrets, rising above the umbrageous groves

of almond, peach, citron and orange trees, which perfumed the air at some distance. Cooling breezes agitated the surrounding foliage, and several canals cut through the wood, contributed to refresh and give a beautiful verdure to the grass and trees.

The universal stilness diffused throughout this retired spot, was suddenly interrupted by the sweet and distinct sound of some musical instrument. She stopped to listen,—sometimes the notes would loudly and harmoniously swell into the air, then sink by degrees, and dissolve into such soft and melancholy tunes, that a sadness not unpleasing stole over Amelrosa. She thought of her orphan state, of the sorrows of her amiable and generous friend, and the remembrance of the estimable and beloved Sir Edmund, bathed her cheek with tears.—She could not conjecture who the person was, that drew forth such heavenly sounds; certain it was not either Catalina or her husband, though they sometimes played

played on the viola,—as their efforts at harmony which she had heard, were of the rudest kind.

All at once the music ceased; she then proceeded to the Castle, entered the court before it, and rung the great bell, whose sonorous tones soon brought out Lopez, at that time the only inhabitant. Amelrosa immediately enqired for his mother and wife.

"I cannot say, Signora," replied he, "that they are here at present, though it is but a few minutes since they went to visit Leonora, who is sick with a fever.—It will not be long, however, Signora, before they return.—Now do, pray, walk in and rest yourself: you must be fatigued, Signora, with your long walk. Give me leave, Signora, to shew you the way;" and on he marched, prating all the time, till he came to a small room that had been elegantly fitted up as a library, and was the

favorite apartment of Don Rodrick de Montalvan, in his youthful days.—The furniture was faded and antique, though it had formerly been beautiful; the books were mouldy and discoloured from damp and neglect; but great judgment had been displayed in the choice of the books, which consisted of the best authors in all the modern languages; and there were many vestiges of much taste having been shewn in the decoration of the apartment.

The lattices commanded a delightful prospect of the adjacent country, and looked into a pleasure guarden, laid out exceedingly well, which was easily surveyed, and was a very pretty object from the balconies, outside the lattices. Amelrosa seated herself in the balcony, that she might more freely enjoy the kind refreshing breezes, and throwing back her veil, reclined on one of the balustrades, and remained some moments absorbed in sweet and pensive meditation.

Sudden

Sudden she starts from her reverie, interrupted by the sound of voices, and raising her eyes she perceives two figures slowly and gracefully advancing across the lawn from beneath the embowering shade of several tall elms, planted at the extremity. As they drew near, and appeared in such earnest conversation as to be regardless of every surrounding object, she could with propriety and unperceived observe them.

The eldest of the two gentlemen, who appeared to be about six and twenty, was tall, handsome, with quite the air of a man of fashion and habited in the English dress, which added to his fair and glowing complexion, made her suppose him to be an Englishman: his hair was light brown, curling slightly round his face, which was of an oval shape, his nose aquiline, his eyes blue but rather too small, which was the only defect in a face otherwise quite perfect, his mouth was beautiful, his teeth white and even; and he had a smile the

most fascinating and insinuating that the imagination can form.

His companion, who appeared to be three or four years younger, was above the middle height, and formed with the utmost symmetry and elegance.—His hair was black as the plumage of the raven, and fell luxuriantly over his forehead, whose polished whiteness formed a pleasing contrast to its jetty hue, and to the rich glow of his fine turned cheek, embrowned by the heat of the sun, which was an improvement, as it gave him a more manly look. His eyes were black and sparkled with the most brilliant vivacity; a Roman nose gave dignity to his countenance, while a most perfectly handsome mouth added a sweetness that tempered the grandeur of his countenance. A Spanish cloak, of scarlet cloth fringed with gold, fell with easy negligence over his left shoulder; his doublet and the rest of his apparel were cream colour, and a plume of the snowy feathers of the ostrich waved in his sable hat.

The

The gentlemen continued conversing very earnestly till they approached near the balcony, when accidentally glancing that way, they beheld Amelrosa with surprise and admiration; and having gazed some moments as if unable to prevent it, then seeing it confused her, they bowed with the utmost elegance and retired.—In truth, no object in nature more lovely and interesting than Amelrosa, had ever yet met their sight.

She was now about fifteen, and the simple style in which she dressed added to the native lustre of those charms that disdained to derive any advantage from art.—A veil of white lace thrown back in graceful folds, discovered a face of the utmost sweetness, embellished by the dazzling radiance of a pair of bright blue eyes, whose long dark lashes when reclined by diffidence or melancholy, shaded a cheek of the most delicate bloom, which relieved the pure whiteness of a skin so transparent, that her sapphire

phire veins were easily discerned. Her nut brown hair curled gracefully in her neck and round her lovely face, a dimple played on her left cheek when she smiled, and gave a charming expression to her countenance. A plain white robe enveloped her slender and well-turned form, which was a complete model of perfection; one charm, however, outweighed every other, and that was being quite unconscious of the admiration she excited.

The noble and handsome appearance of these gentlemen were much admired by Amelrosa, who had seen very few English gentlemen, and never beheld any Portuguese noblemen worthy to be compared with them; and anxious to know who they were, inquired of Lopez as she was departing, after having remained an hour waiting the return of Catalina and her mother, who did not arrive according to her expectations.

At

At the moment that she had asked Lopez the question, relating to the gentlemen she had seen crossing the lawn, the objects of her inquiry entered the hall, and confused at their unexpected appearance at that instant, she blushed deeply, as she returned with a graceful curtsey the silent respect they paid her; and her confusion was heightened by Lopez, who followed her, as she was retiring to inform her the gentlemen were named, Don Fernando de Montalvan, and Captain Glenholme; and spoke so audibly, that she was apprehensive they heard him.

Having wished Lopez good night, she pursued her way home, and the evening being cool, as reviving breezes came from the sea, she had a most delightful walk, and the satisfaction of finding Lady Archdale better than usual; who could not avoid smiling at the animated description Amelrosa gave of the strangers, and their elegant appearance. As her ladyship's health

health continued to improve, she began to see more company at her own house, though she seldom went out, and it was entirely on Amelrosa's account that she suffered her retirement to be disturbed, society being painful to a mind so wretched as her own; but with the same amiable consideration for the feeling of others, that ever distinguished her, she would not, however disagreeable to herself, condemn a young and lively girl to the constant dulness of the retired life she led.

Amelrosa was indeed always gay and cheerful, the sorrows of others could alone cloud her serene brow, and the sweetness of her disposition made her happy in seclusion; though the amusements and innocent recreations, natural and proper for her age, were as pleasing to her as to youth in general. Mr. Bressey, a gentleman of fashion, who had been introduced at Meragaya, was particularly attentive to Lady Archdale, who did not, however, suspect

suspect him of having any motive for his attentions, till informed by an acquaintance, that he had publickly declared his intention to marry her; being very much in her good graces, and having a great inclination, as he was not rich himself, for her large fortune; adding, that she was very fond of doctors, always ill, and should when she married him, have as much apothecary's stuff as she chose, whilst he amused himself with her money.

Her ladyship was highly diverted with his presumption, never having had a thought of marrying again; but refused several great offers since the death of Sir Oliver; her health and spirits being too much impaired from the afflictions she had encountered, to suffer her to entertain an idea of the kind; besides, she had too fine an understanding after having been married so unhappily, to think again of uniting her destiny to another; and knew likewise, from the injured state of her constitution

stitution by grief, that it must be her fortune, and not herself that was the attraction.

She resolved, therefore, to take an innocent revenge on Mr. Bressey, for his assurance and impertinence; and accordingly, accepted an invitation to dine at the house of a friend of Mr. Bressey's, as she was informed, he was to be of the party.

She received the civilities which he showered on her, with apparent pleasure, and at dinner would take wine with no other person but himself, and acted her part so well, that the company all concluded the rich widow was at last ensnared. Mr. Bressey was in high spirits with his supposed success, and when her ladyship was going away, took her hand to conduct her to the carriage. As he led down stairs, she turned to him, and said: "Though we are such good friends,

friends, I don't intend you shall be at the expence of supplying me with apothecary's stuff." At these words, which almost petrified him, as he instantly recollected his own expressions, he could make no reply; and having attended her to the carriage, retired quite crest fallen.

Some weeks after, her ladyship met him again by chance, and he then addressed her with visible confusion, saying, "My dear Lady Archdale, I am quite ashamed to see you. You have very justly punished me, I never was so done up in my life." Her ladyship smiled very good humouredly, and desired him to think no more of the circumstance, as she had quite forgot it.

Amelrosa was at work one morning in the drawing-room, and Lady Archdale writing a letter to her daughter; when they were interrupted by the arrival of a lady, that the former had never seen before, and

and at the sight of whom her ladyship expressed great joy. She was about five and thirty, exceedingly handsome, and interesting, with a deep melancholy imprinted on her countenance.

When she was gone, Amelrosa expressed concern at the sadness of her appearance, saying, she feared, she was afflicted with some heavy misfortune.

"Your judgment is not erroneous," replied Lady Archdale, "I have not for some time been so much gratified as I have been to day, on seeing Donna Amelia de Mello, whom I have not had a visit from since you were a child. Her father, Don Juan de Mello, was a gentleman of good family, but very limited fortune, and having married a woman he liked, even poorer than himself, he had a large family and very little to support them with. He resided at a village in the interior part of Portugal, in a confined habitation,

tation, not far from an elegant seat belonging to the Duke de Mirandola, a grandee of the first rank in the kingdom. When Donna Amelia was about fifteen, the Dukes eldest son, Don Alphonso, came down with a tutor to his father's seat, after having been dangerously ill, to enjoy the air of the country, which was particularly salubrious there, and to prosecute his studies at the same time.

"Passing through the village he had several times caught a view of Amelia, who was then the most beautiful creature ever seen. She was tall for her age, finely formed, with a countenance in which beauty, innocence and sweetness were equally blended. From the moment that Don Alphonso's eyes glanced on this lovely creature, he became violently enamoured with all the ardor of eighteen; and imparted his sentiments to his tutor, a man of dissolute principles, who encouraged his pupil in every thing that was blameable,

able, and by that method gained his intire confidence.

"His unworthy preceptor had instilled such opinions in his breast, that the idea of marrying Amelia never occurred to Don Alphonso, as he likewise knew his father would not give his consent; and if ever he married, it was necessary he should have a fortune with his wife to support the high rank he held, the family estates being overrun with mortgages. He therefore, concerted a scheme, (or rather his tutor did for him) which was, when Amelia visited Signor Bernardo, a respectable tradesman in a neighbouring town; under pretence of taking her out for the air, Signor Bernardo should drive away with her in a carriage to a lonely house, situated in a wild deserted spot, where Don Alphonso would be waiting to receive her.

"This Bernardo had been of some service to Don Juan de Mello some years before,

fore, and having known and been familiar with his children, of whom he and his wife were apparently very fond from their infancy; Don Juan, as a particular favor, suffered each of them by turns, to make a visit of a few days to Bernardo and Marcella every year, as they lived in the most respectable manner. Don Alphonso, who had made numberless inquiries respecting the family of Mello, learnt this circumstance, and bribed Bernardo with a large sum of money, to assist in placing the daughter of Don Juan in his power; assuring him, he would conceal the circumstance of his having betrayed Amelia to him.

"The lovely and innocent Amelia, unsuspecting the misfortunes that awaited her, sprung lightly into the carriage, which Bernardo as usual, sent to convey her to his house, for she was always pleased to visit Bernardo and his wife from the kindness they evinced towards her. In the course

course of the next evening, Marcella pretended to be indisposed, and Bernardo under a pretext of shewing Amelia the country, carried her to the house appointed by Don Alphonso, and left her there.

" Over the transactions that passed that evening humanity must draw a veil; and suffice it to say, the beautiful Amelia fell a victim to the treacherous Bernardo, and the arts which were used for her destruction; for ignorant of the world and innocent of all guile, it was impossible she could disentangle herself from the surrounding snares. However, the agitation of her mind affected her so forcibly, that she was seized with a violent fever, and her life in the greatest danger. During the period of her illness, Don Alphonso was nearly frantic, for he loved her to distraction.

" At length she recovered, after a most violent struggle with death; and torn from her

her friends, who could not discover the least trace of her from the story Bernardo invented, in which he was corroborated by the driver of the carriage, who was in his interest,—they having both asserted that she was torn from them by robbers, who had likewise plundered and used them cruelly.

"Wholly in the power of a man of the most fascinating manners and handsome, engaging person, who used every artifice to render himself agreeable to her, and to reconcile her to her fate, he at last succeeded in making her attached to him, notwithstanding his ill conduct; and they lived together some years, in which time they had several children.

"Her extreme youth, which prevented her extricating herself from the fatal abyss into which she was plunged, must be an excuse for her continuing in error, with every liberal and feeling mind. Five years

after the involuntary elopement of Amelia, Don Juan discovered the ravisher and seducer of his daughter, and that Bernardo had been his assistannt, a circumstance that filled him with double horror; and it was no sooner publicly known than he was shunned as a pestilence, and losing all the business by which he so respectably supported himself, was reduced to the most abject poverty,—a striking example of the punishment that sometimes attends vice, even in this world. Exasperated against the base violator of his daughter's honor, Don Juan intended to have washed out the dishonor done their family with Alphonso's blood, had not the pathetic prayers of Amelia, who intreated him to spare the father of her children; whose youth and the bad advice of his tutor, she now considered as an excuse for the crime he had committed, blunted the edge of his resentment.

"The generosity of her mind [illegible] soon

another

another trial, more severe than any she had yet suffered, to undergo.—The father of Don Alphonso had projected a match for him with a lady of immense fortune, fine person, and great goodness of heart; and insisted on his marrying her, as he required a large fortune with the woman he made his wife. Though he possessed many virtues, and an affection for Amelia more ardent than he could ever feel again, he was nevertheless a man of the world; and having dissipated his own independent fortune by various extravagances, regardless of the affliction he would cause her to suffer, whose reputation and peace of mind he had destroyed, he gave his hand to Donna Violante de Mendoza, and planted an incurable thorn in the bosom of his amiable mistress; who no sooner received the intelligence, than she vowed never more to see or speak to him, as she had considered herself as his wife while he continued single, from having without her own consent been drawn into her present situation.

" After he was married he made several attempts to see her, and wrote frequently, but she returned his letters unopened, and would not receive his visits, though informed by a friend of his, that he loved her as much as ever, and would never have taken a wife had he not flattered himself he should overcome her scruples and visit her as before.

" Her singular story and the greatness of her conduct, were universally known and admired; and the neighboring gentry, of the first distinction, visited and paid her every attention, so much did they pity and esteem her. An account of her excellence having reached the ears of Donna Violante, she was so charmed with her virtue, that she was continually sending her the most elegant presents; and the Duke de Mirandola settled a handsome income on herself and children, and frequently went to see her.

" Some

"Some few years after the marriage of her lover, she went to Lisbon on particular business, and passing through the public streets, her veil being accidentally thrown up for a few minutes, she was met at that moment by Don Alphonso, who no sooner beheld her than they instantly knew each other.

"Their mutual agitation was beyond the power of language to describe, for they loved with unabated tenderness; and subdued by the violence of their emotions at beholding the object now presented to them, so dearly beloved and lost to them for ever, they both fainted away.

"From this interesting period they never saw each other more, excepting once that Don Alphonso was at the theatre with the daughter he had by Amelia; and having been informed that she was to be there, he said to the child,—'Louisa, tell me which of those ladies is your mother?' His daugh-

ter immediately pointed her out to him, for, altered by time and grief, he saw her without knowing her; and unutterably affected, he looked at her for some minutes, hid his face with his handkerchief, and soon after quitted the house,—leaving his daughter with a lady and gentleman who were with him.

"This was the last time they ever met, though his wife died in the course of a few years after, generally lamented for the goodness of her heart and benevolent disposition. When this event took place, it was universally supposed, after a proper time had elapsed, that Amelia and Alphonso would have been united together; but he did not survive Donna Violante long enough to have engaged in a second marriage; for being obliged to go a voyage to the Brazils, directly after her death, on some business of importance for Government, he died of a fever there; leaving

Amelia,

Amelia, notwithstanding his faults, warmly attached to his memory, and honoring him as a husband.

" Previous to and after his decease, she had several great offers of marriage, but refused them all; saying, that she never had given any other man a thought, nor ever should; and continues to this day, as you may perceive by her melancholy countenance, to lament the misfortunes of her life.

" I became acquainted with her for the first time in England, where she resided some years after his desertion of her, to endeavour by a change of scene, to banish the miserable sensations that pervaded her mind; as she wished to live for the sake of her children, and for them only. I fear she will not stay long here, being merely on a visit to a relation, who has shewn her great friendship and kindness; and

I shall regret her departure exceedingly, as her society is delightful and desirable."

Amelrosa was much affected and interested by the story of Amelia de Mello, whose misfortunes she pitied, and lamented with Lady Archdale her hapless destiny; sincerely cherishing the hope that the evening of her days might be fortunate, and that her children would prove a consolation to her.

CHAP

CHAP. III.

O blest Compassion! Heaven-descended child!
Whose power is best perceiv'd in noblest hearts;
Who dress'd in smiles of patience, meekly mild,
To want, relief; to mis'ry, ease imparts;
By thee inspir'd—this heav'nly maid has felt
A pain for sorrows, to herself unknown;
With kind humility has comfort dealt
To me, amidst the wilds of nature thrown.

Sterling.

THE following morning Mrs. Romney, the wife of a gentleman of fashion, who had arrived some weeks since at Oporto to settle the affairs of a rich merchant, his uncle, who was lately deceased, called to make a morning visit to Lady Archdale. She was

very intimate with her ladyship's daughter, Mrs. Ponsonby, exceedingly pretty and good-natured; and from the first moment she saw Amelrosa was so much pleased with her, that she gave her an invitation to dine and pass the evening.

Averse to quitting her ladyship for so many hours, Amelrosa would have declined her politeness, had not Lady Archdale insisted on her going; as Mrs. Romney never dined before six o'clock, and she consequently would have her company the greater part of the day. Amelrosa was inwardly pleased at this permission, as she was very partial to her society; for she was good-humoured, lively and obliging.

The dinner party was small but agreeable, and about nine o'clock the lady of the house, who was in the bloom of life, proposed that they should have a little dance, as they were all young people; saying at the same time, she was surprised Don Fernando

nando de Montalvan, and Captain Glenholme were not yet come, as they had promised to be with her early in the evening; more especially as she had told them some vary handsome ladies were to be of the party; and to men of their gallantry and gaiety of disposition, she knew, she said, it would be an inducement to hasten them to her house.

"Don Fernando," she added, addressing Amelrosa, "is one of the most charming companions in the world: it is impossible to be dull in his company, he has so much wit and vivacity, and promotes every species of diversion. Not the least of the Portuguese in his manner."

Amelrosa, who felt interested in this description, as she thought his name was exactly similar to that of the elegant stranger she had seen at Almaraz, asked how it happened that he was so different from his countrymen, who were in general far from pleasing.

"He has been educated in England ever since his infancy," rejoined Mrs. Romney, "by Lord Westbrook; to whom his father, Don Rodrick, had been of some service, and shewn him great attention when his lordship had the command of the British troops in Portugal. This nobleman perceiving that Fernando, the younger son of Don Rodrick, was an object of dislike, his whole affection centering in the eldest, Don Pedro; from a motive of compassion (and at the same time to repay the obligation) as he was a man of universal benevolence, intreated as a favor, that Don Rodrick would suffer him to educate Fernando as his own son; and having no children he would give him a fortune equal to what a child of his might expect.

"This request was gladly assented to by Don Rodrick, who was rejoiced to be rid of a child that seemed to reproach him for the cruelty he exercised towards him.—Fernando was not the only being he treated inhu-

inhumanly: his second wife his cruelty had consigned when young and beautiful, to an early tomb. This lady had been sacrificed to him by an unrelenting parent, at the age of seventeen; and to add to her misery, was warmly attached to another, and had an insurmountable aversion to Don Rodrick.

"A sudden and dangerous illness had lately snatched the darling Pedro to the grave; and stung with grief and remorse, which has made him wish to atone for his past errors, induced him to supplicate his only remaining son to return to the paternal mansion, and take possession of the estates of which he was now the only heir; and by thus acting, comfort the declining years of a father, that did not in fact deserve his duty and affection.

"Don Fernando was very averse to visiting a country that he had been banished from since his infancy, nor did he feel much

much predilection for a parent, who had never inquired concerning his fate till this sad event of his brother's death; but his natural goodness of heart led him to pity his father, for having lost the consolation and hope of his old age; and however repugnant to his feelings, resolved to comply with his inclinations: and taking an affectionate farewell of Lord Westbrook, who loved him as his son and for whom he felt the affection of one, he embarked for this country; where he was received by his father with great ceremony, and a pompous shew of affection that did not denote much sincerity.

"Attached to all the customs of antient times, Don Rodrick requested he would adopt the Portuguese dress, which he wore himself; and in obedience to his commands he has assumed it, as you will perceive when he arrives. In short, I think him an example to all other young men, for perfectly his own master, with such excellent spirits

spirits and of so gay a disposition, to be such a submissive son to that proud, unfeeling, and severe old man, reflects the highest honor on his head and heart.—Lord Westbrook some years since settled a very handsome income on him, and I understand he always intends passing every other year at least, with his lordship."

Here she concluded her account of the interesting Don Fernando, and was going to say something respecting Captain Glenholme, when she was interrupted by the servant's announcing both these gentlemen, who entered, and made their compliments with unrivalled elegance. Their manners were those of first-bred men of fashion, devoid of affectation; and numberless sallies of the most brilliant wit flowed from Don Fernando's lips, which amused the company and kept them in high spirits.

His friend Glenholme was very animated and more insinuating than Fernando, though

though he did not possess such an exuberance of vivacity, nor produced so many shining effusions of wit and repartee. Fernando dazzled, but Glenholme fascinated the mind.

The sound of music invited this little assembly to dance, and Don Fernando presenting his hand to Mrs. Romney, they began country-dances, which continued till the lady feeling herself fatigued, he then stood up with Amelrosa, Miss Clifford and Glenholme, to dance a Scotch reel. Amelrosa was pleased at dancing with these gentlemen, who were the best performers among this small but agreeable party.

Glenholme had been her partner almost the whole evening, and she was delighted with his conversation during that time.—She felt an involuntary inclination to appear pleasing in his eyes, but dared not hope it as he seemed to admire Miss Clifford, who

was very handsome and infinitely superior, she imagined, to herself; at least her fears made her suppose he admired her more, notwithstanding his attentions to her were very conspicuous. The party broke up at an early hour, and the time appeared to Amelrosa to fly on wings, so happily did it pass; and she returned home filled with delight, and her mind engaged in thinking of the elegant Montague Glenholme.

She allowed that Don Fernando was handsome, but could not think him so engaging as Glenholme: never had she seen any man in whose eyes she wished to appear charming before, and she fell asleep with his image impressed on her heart. In the morning, when reflection obtruded itself and the gaiety of her spirits had a little subsided, she began to blame her folly for being delighted with a person she was so little acquainted with, and would not suffer herself to think any more on the subject, as she might probably never see him

him again. Fernando had been likewise very attentive to her, at every moment he could spare from Mrs. Romney, whose great favorite he was; but wholly engrossed by his friend, she observed scarcely any thing else.

Three days after Lady Archdale and herself took a walk to the pretty summer house at the end of the gardens, and the former having taken a seat near the window, Amelrosa stood by her, conversing on some indifferent subjects, till their attention was arrested by the sight of a gentleman who was earnestly looking at them as he advanced up the road.—When he approached nearer he smiled and kissed his hand, and was instantly recognised for Don Fernando, by Amelrosa, who blushed when she returned his salutation, and informed her ladyship who he was, as she appeared struck with the peculiar elegance of his figure. Amelrosa could not imagine how he came to know her place of residence,

dence, which his glancing at the summer house before he could have caught a view of herself or companion she had observed, and was a convincing proof he was acquainted with it.. Perhaps, she thought, he has inquired where I resided of Mrs. Romney, from a motive of curiosity, as Don Fernando and his friend both appeared at her party, to recollect having seen her at the Castle of Almaraz. She secretly wished that Glenholme had been with him, flattering herself that it was merely to have Lady Archdale's opinion respecting their personal merit, and which excelled the other.

Amelrosa's intimacy with Mrs. Romney increased daily from their being mutually delighted with each other; and she frequently dined with her or had her company at Melagaya. She was seated one day in the drawing-room amusing herself with a book, while Mrs. Romney, with whom she was on the most friendly terms, was dressing, when

when who should enter but Don Fernando. He approached her in the most animated manner, to make his compliments, and they entered into an agreeable conversation till summoned to dinner.

This repast over and the gentlemen finished their wine, Don Fernando again attached himself to Amelrosa; entertaining her in a most delightful manner by the liveliness of his remarks and the brilliancy of his understanding, and his observations and sentiments gave her a very favorable opinion of his heart. Though she admired and was pleased with him, yet she felt an involuntary preference for Glenholme, while her judgment obliged her to allow that he was not in mental or personal qualifications, superior to the other; and with painful regret heard Don Fernando tell Mrs. Romney, he had endeavoured to persuade Montague to accompany him, but could not prevail, as he was engaged with a party of gentlemen who were going to

to sit up to drink and gamble the greater part of the night, and from whom he had gladly escaped, as he detested both. This apparent difference in the pursuits of the two friends, inclined her to think most favorably of Fernando's disposition; Lady Archdale having always taught her to have the highest abhorrence of the character of a gamester, and of one who is frequently intoxicated.

A month had elapsed since Amelrosa's last interview with Don Fernando, in which he had gained much on her esteem; and she was sitting in the summer-house reading to Lady Archdale, when suddenly her ladyship exclaimed, "there goes the handsome Portuguese." At this exclamation, she started up and ran to the window, just time enough to catch a distant view of him, as he was not looking towards her. Her friend smiled at her eagerness, and pointed to the book, which in her haste she had let fall. Confused she took it

it from the ground, and resumed her employment; but her thoughts were otherwise engaged, than in thinking of the object she was reading, and she made several blunders.

The following day at nearly the same hour, the plants in the summer-house required watering, and she flew to do this little office herself, frequently going to the window during this occupation. After waiting impatiently with the hope of seeing Don Fernando, though she would not own to herself that she wished it; she again saw him walk slowly by, without glancing once towards the window.

Quite disconcerted, she hastily retired, finished the task she had imposed on herself, and feeling her disappointment as a punishment for her vanity, in supposing he passed that way on purpose to see her, she resolved not to visit the summer-house again for a long time. Another week passed

passed away and she had adhered to this resolution; however, one evening, she was gathering flowers in the garden, and recollecting there was a basket in the summer-house that would be useful to her, she went to fetch it, and accidentally looking from the window as she passed, beheld Don Fernando, who was mounted on one of the finest horses she had ever seen, bow gracefully to her. She paused to return his compliment, and he approached near the wall that he might speak to her with ease, and they held for some time a very agreeable conversation; in the course of which, he informed her that since he had the pleasure of being in her society, he had made a short excursion to Spain. When they had conversed nearly half an hour, Don Fernando spurred his dark brown steed, which had been impatiently pawing the ground, but he could not resist turning his head and gazing at Amelrosa, till she could no more be distinguished.

From

From this period Amelrosa again resorted to her favorite summer-house, which she entertained a greater partiality for than ever; and was seldom there without seeing Don Fernando, either on horseback or on foot, though they seldom had an opportunity of speaking to each other; Amelrosa being generally engaged in reading, working, or playing on some instrument to amuse Lady Archdale, who generally accompanied her. She usually chose her seat near the window, and the eyes of Fernando were so eloquent when he looked at her as he passed, that it was impossible for her to misunderstand the language they meant to convey; and she began to blame herself for the encouragement she gave him by appearing so often at the window, and determined to desist from a custom, that most probably would make him think she had a great share of levity; as she concluded, he intended from his conduct, little more than common gallantry. It gave her some uneasiness to preserve this resolution,

lution, but she gained this victory over herself, and for some weeks never entered the summer-house, except at a time when she thought he would not pass that way, and as she flattered herself never caught the least glimpse of him.

Assiduously attending on her beloved benefactress, and acting as the steward of her bounty, with her mind chiefly intent on assisting (with her approbation) the afflicted and distressed, the idea of Don Fernando seldom obtruded; but when she thought of him she could not avoid breathing a secret wish, that it might be her destiny to be beloved by him. However, she checked this dangerous wish whenever it arose, conscious how little reason she had to flatter herself her hopes would be realized.

Amelrosa had not visited the Castle of Almaraz, (though partial to the walk that led to it and the beautiful extensive pros-

pects it commanded) since her first meeting with Fernando; and after having seen him at Mrs. Romney's, she did not like to visit it again, from the fear that he might think she wished to throw herself in his way.—This scruple was, however, removed by Catalina, from whom she learnt by accident when she called to see her, that he was on a visit to Don Antonio de Silvio, who resided at his palace on the other side the river.

She likewise informed her that Don Rodrick had not for many years resided at Almaraz, as he had a more modern and elegant mansion about ten miles distant, that he only kept the Castle in tolerable repair on account of the grounds being so particularly beautiful; and sometimes visited it for a day with a party of friends, to enjoy the beauties of nature by which it was surrounded. Her young master, she said, had passed some time there, as he was partial to Almaraz, from its having been his mother's

mother's favorite place of residence; and had begun to make several improvements, which she feared would be displeasing to his father.

This information of the absence of Fernando pleased our heroine, and she told Catalina that she should take a walk the following evening to the Castle; and if she had no particular engagement, should be much obliged to her to shew her the park, pleasure-grounds and different apartments, of which she had but a cursory view when last there. The affectionate Catalina was delighted at the prospect of her coming, and begged she would not make it late when she set out, as she should come to meet her.

When Amelrosa came within a short distance of the Castle of Almaraz, she stopped for some minutes to admire the venerable appearance of its ancient buildings, the waving woods by which it was

surrounded, and groups of mountains towering to the sky, which formed a grand back-ground to the landscape, as they proudly raised their lofty summits. She then advanced up the road, and was met by Catalina according to her promise, who was all impatience for her appearance; and perceiving she looked warm and fatigued with her walk, conducted her to an antique pavilion not far from the Castle. Opposite to it was a fountain, that pleased the sight with the transparency of its waters, and the coolness it diffused around: a thick foliage of ash, fir and cork trees, screened the pavilion from the heat of the sun beams, and numberless oranges and lemons hanging on the branches of some other trees, planted at a little distance from the pavilion, looked very tempting to the eye.

Many curious shrubs and flowers grew near this sweet spot, and among the rest the laurel rose, which bears such a beautiful blossom and grows spontaneously on the

the borders of the river Guadiana. A great number of rose bushes flourished there, and she saw an aged woman picking rose leaves, which she put in a basket, from the immense quantity of rose trees that grew around in luxuriant beauty.

Catalina having left her to fetch some lemonade and fruit to refresh her after her walk, she addressed the old woman, inquiring what she was going to do with the leaves, who replied, she gathered them for a person in the neighbouring hamlet, who distilled them to make rose-water, and sold it afterwards to a perfumer at Oporto.—Amelrosa then asked if this was her only employment; "Oh no, Signora," she rejoined, "sometimes I weed in the gardens, and do in short any thing I can put my hand to; but what I get is very little, and I have often not a farthing to help myself, though seventy summers have rolled over this old head. I believe it is being so much in the air that nourishes me and keeps me

alive, for I have little else to feed me,—God knows, the most I can get is twopence a-day, and sometimes not so much.

"Ah, Signora," she continued, finding Amelrosa listened attentively to her, "I have known nothing but trouble all my life, but I thank God, who has given me spirits to bear it all, and trust I shall yet not want a mouthful of bread long. Sometimes when I wake in the morning I have not any money or any thing to eat in the house, I sit up in bed and begin to cry; then I rouse myself and say this will not do. Then I take a pinch of snuff, saying,—I will not give way to grief; hang sorrow; God is good;—and presently after I have heard some person call out, 'Halloo, Ursula, come to work!—You are wanted at Don Philips.'

"This cheers my heart again, and I am blithe as a bird.—But ah, good lady, I once hoped never to have suffered these teazing hopes

hopes and fears. I was left a widow with three children, and an aged mother to maintain by the labour of my own hands, having no other method else to support them. Sometimes when they used to be all urging round me for bread, which I had not to give them, I have been like one frantic: I used to swear and rave, and feel myself lifted up like the great Leviathan. My mother used to tremble when she saw me in these passions, for I was always religious and quiet till these troubles overcame me. At last, however, after going through the greatest affliction, I met with some trifling assistance, and rubbed on working hard.

"In the course of a few years my poor mother died, and it pleased God to take two of my children to himself, and to leave me only one son, who grew up to manhood. Ah, my dear Ambrose, when I think of thee, thou wast so good, so dutiful, and I looked to thee for comfort in my old age! —but thou art gone!—Here she stopped

to wipe a tear. He was a mariner, Signora, and part of the earnings which he gained by his employment at sea, he gave to maintain me. I had been a good daughter to my mother, and he behaved well to me as a son; so I was rewarded; but man is born to trouble.—Ambrose was drowned; and here I stand a poor miserable wretch, like an old tree without any of its leaves."

Amelrosa was much affected by the narrative of this aged sufferer: she said every thing in her power to console her, and assured her she should from that moment be enrolled amongst the list of Lady Archdale's pensioners. Poor Ursula was so much affected by this unexpected bounty and goodness, that she fell on her knees to thank her. Amelrosa could not bear to see her in this humiliating posture, and was moved even to tears at the sight of this venerable woman, on her knees imploring blessings on her head, and assisted her to rise.

She

She desired her to call on Catalina for the allowance she was to receive, as it would be more convenient for her as she lived near Almaraz, than coming to Meragaya; and thanking her again for the consideration she evinced, Ursula returned to gathering of rose leaves, happy and cheerful.

Catalina now appeared with the lemonade and fruit, which Amelrosa refreshed herself with; and having sat an hour in the pavilion, was attended by her to the Castle, which she surveyed all over for the first time. There was nothing remarkable in it, but a very grand prospect from one of the windows, where you descried a distant view of the sea, quintas and other habitations on the banks of the Douro, several villages and single cottages scattered over a long chain of hills and mountains, some parts rocky and barren, and others shaded with a variety of shrubs, trees and plants.

Amelrosa having satisfied her cusiosity, proceeded to the library, telling Catalina she would amuse herself with a book whilst she was occupied in preparing her husband's supper, who had been working in the garden till quite fatigued. As she walked up and down the library, examining the different authors to make choice of one that would please her fancy, the sound of an approaching footstep made her turn her head and start with surprise at seeing the door open and Don Fernando enter; who appeared as much astonished as herself, but exceedingly pleased at this unexpected rencontre; and advancing to her with an animated smile, said he was much favored by fortune, in conducting him unsuspectingly where he was to have the pleasure of meeting her.

They conversed together till it was time for Amelrosa to return home; and he then requested permission to attend her, beguiling the way with a thousand amusing anec-

dotes and judicious lively remarks: his eyes and looks bespoke the admiration he felt for her, though he did not hazard saying any thing on the subject.

When they came to the gate that led to the quinta, he wished her good-night, and kissing her hand intreated she would give him leave to wait on her the next morning to enquire how she did. Amelrosa could not, consistent with politeness, deny a request that flattered her, but trembled lest Lady Archdale, notwithstanding she was so indulgent, might disapprove his visit, as she saw but little company. When, however, she mentioned that evening the circumstance of her meeting with Don Fernando, his politeness and wish to wait on her, her ladyship with the utmost good-nature, as she perceived the evident prepossession of her *protegée* in his favor, willingly assented, as he was said to be a very amiable character, to admit his visits, secretly wishing he might entertain a passion for her.

She knew the match would be a most excellent establishment for Amelrosa, but she was apprehensive when her deserted state, and ignorance of who were her relatives should be revealed to him, it might probably be an impediment to his marrying her; as she must, by the laws of honor, divulge her real situation, if he made her an offer and inquired her connexions.

Don Fernando came the next morning, and Lady Archdale when she beheld him, could not avoid acknowledging to herself, that it must be almost impossible for any young disengaged heart, to withstand the beauty of his person, the elegance of his address and brilliancy of his conversation.

His hair, as black as ravens wing;
His skin—as Christmas snow;
His cheeks outvie the blush of morn,
His lips like rose-buds glow.
His limbs, his arms, his stature, shap'd
By Nature's finest hand;
His sparkling eyes declare him born
To love and to command.

Mickle.

After

After his first introduction to Lady Archdale he frequently visited at her house, and insensibly ingratiated himself into her esteem and regard; and made a considerable progress in gaining the affections of Amelrosa, as he appeared violently enamoured, though he had not yet made her a direct offer of his hand. He attended her whenever she walked out, and often passed whole days at Meragaya, where the charms of his manners and the refinement and vivacity of his conversation, diverted her ladyship from the remembrance of her sorrows, and assisted to restore her spirits and create her more pleasure in society.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Much of his manners spoke propitious fame,
As ev'ry virtue had adorn'd his breast;
Thus prepossessed,—delighted I beheld,
So full of gentle courtesy he seem'd,
All former observation stood excell'd:
I saw,—admir'd;—reflected—and esteem'd:
Nor judg'd such carriage with destructive show,
Conceal'd a darksome well of treason hid below!

Sterling.

DON Fernando by nature possessed a most excellent disposition, but was excessively indulged by Lord Wesbrook, who loved him with the most tender patental affection; and immediately after leaving the University, at an early age suffered him to

to become uncontrouled master of his own actions. He associated with gay young men, of the first rank and fashion in London, and those of a more advanced age, many of whom were veterans in vice; and his morals became insensibly corrupted by the contagion of pernicious examples and sentiments.

Having been taught to think very lightly of women in general, and these ideas, though they did not always sway, yet often very improperly influenced. Fernando loved, respected, and esteemed Amelrosa de Merida, but having frequently heard his dissipated companions repeat, that many women were virtuous, because they had never been tempted to be otherwise, he entertained a very ill opinion of the sex; and though he nearly adored his lovely mistress, resolved never to marry her till thoroughly convinced her virtue would be unshaken by the severest trials. As a convincing proof of the freedom of his prin-

principles, when he left England he was accompanied by a woman whom he had just before taken into keeping, and supported her at an elegant house which he took for her in the city of Oporto, where she was less liable to observation than if she resided in the neighbourhood.

Mrs. Marley, the person Fernando had brought with him to Portugal, was near thirty years of age, but did not appear to be more than nineteen or twenty. She was exquisitely beautiful, but her mental perfections did not correspond with her personal charms, her mind containing almost every wicked propensity that deforms the human heart.—She was revengeful, artful, extravagant, intemperate and licentious; and with a great deal of cunning was devoid of sense or education.

From her countenance and manners, it was impossible to judge of her disposition, which could only be known when you had been

been for a long time on an intimate footing with her.—She was apparently good-humoured with the manners of a gentlewoman, and the appearance of natural modesty and sweetness adorned her face: bewitching smiles played round her handsome mouth, that when she spoke displayed the finest teeth of pearly hue: her figure was tall and elegant, her eyes a dark hazle sparkled with the most dazzling lustre, her nose small and perfectly formed, and her eye-brows and hair nearly approaching to black; the former delicately arched, and the latter hanging in luxuriant curls and partly shading her lovely round face.

Her complexion was rather too brown and pale, but she improved it with rouge and pearl powder, so well put on that none but the nicest observers could distinguish the bloom and whiteness of her skin from the tints of nature; however she made no scruple of confessing that she sometimes wore rouge, but always disclaimed wearing white

white paint. Her charms were considerably heightened by the simplicity and taste of her dress, and she seldom wore any other ornament on her head but her own fine hair.

With so much beauty and such a fascinating appearance, it is not surprising that she enslaved many hearts; and several gentlemen she had captivated, became victims to her artifice; their fortunes being entirely ruined by her extravagance and dissipation, as she was always kept in the highest style; it being the fashion to admire her, though many men preferred an inferior beauty with more animation, as she was little else than a beautiful statue, and after the first glance lost rather than gained on the fancy.

Her temper was strongly tinctured with jealousy, and she could not endure the smallest attention to be paid any other woman when she was present; therefore associated

ciated in general with none but the ugly and old, from the fear of being rivalled, conscious from experience, it was insupportable for her to witness any admiration of another female in her company, as it threw her, from the violence of her passion, into the most dreadful rage; and she had sense enough to avoid exposing herself by seldom placing her charms in competition with other handsome women.

The last person with whom she lived previous to her meeting with Don Fernando, was a gentleman of a most excellent and generous disposition, but unhappily for himself, from having been early initiated into every species of gaiety, it had corrupted his manners, and rendered him debauched and intemperate. He was doatingly fond of her, and blinded by his fondness, suffered her to give the most elegant and expensive entertainments, and to practise so much luxury and profusion that he was totally ruined.

The

The pressure of numerous debts which she had obliged him to contract, having expended the money which he was to pay them with; and finding it impossible to support her and himself much longer, weighed altogether so heavily on his mind, that he continually drank large bumpers of brandy to drown his painful reflections; and by this method hurried himself in the prime of life to a premature grave.

When the ungrateful Mrs. Marley found he was nearly dying, and that not anything more was to be procured, she instantly left him to a fate she had accelerated by her extravagance; and rendered his expiring moments bitter in the extreme, at seeing himself deserted at such an awful period by the woman for whom he had sacrificed all his hopes of happiness in this world, and loved to his own destruction. Such will ever be the fatal and melancholy destiny of those, who attach themselves to persons devoid of principles of virtue.

They

They are the first to fly in the moment of adversity, from their benefactor and the former companion of their pleasures; gratitude and pity are strangers to their callous bosoms: heaven-born compassion and friendship are only to be met with among the virtuous, and on their attachments alone can we rely; for they are pure as the bright dew drop of morning, and unshaken as the rock that firmly stands amidst the howling tempest.

This story was generally known, but did not prevent this worthless woman from being followed and admired, by a numerous train of adorers of rank and fortune; of so little consequence is the want of principle, humanity and gratitude, to many fashionable characters; who care not, if they can be pleased and amused, how vicious the object that tends to their gratification may be.

Every circumstance to her disadvantage had,

had, fortunately for her, escaped Don Fernando's hearing, as the knowledge of her evil propensities would have inspired him with a rooted dislike; for however charming, he could not have endured a woman of such a dangerous disposition. Having met with her by accident, he was struck with her beauty and apparent amiable manners; and attaching himself to her, allowed her a very handsome income. Finding the idea of parting from her gave him considerable uneasiness, he brought her with him to Portugal, unknown to his father or Lord Wesbrook; as the latter though indulgent to the foibles of youth, did not by any means approve such erroneous conduct, which his adopted son had been taught by his gay friends to consider, rather as an honor than disgrace to him.

The handsome person and agreeable manners of Fernando pleased Mrs. Marley, but her heart was too bad to be capable of liking any one who had the least goodness

ness of heart, as they were a reproach to herself. Consistent with her interest, she appeared to be very fond of him, and he soon found that to support her was a heavy tax upon his fortune, as she daily increased in extravagance.

Every interview with Amelrosa augmented his love, the purity of her mind shone in all her actions, and embellished her native charms, forming a striking contrast to his mistress; though she assumed the semblance of virtue and modesty with more art than most women of her class, yet was so different from the reality which he had so often the pleasure of witnessing, that he grew by degrees quite indifferent to her, and sometimes thought of sending her back to England with a handsome present besides a yearly allowance.

But this resolution was constantly prevented being executed by the apparent affection she evinced, for perceiving his regard

regard diminish, she redoubled her attentions to him, and the natural humanity of his disposition made him averse to inflict pain on any being, who felt so much tenderness for him; though he dreaded lest she should by any accident hear of his attachment to Amelrosa, or the latter be informed of his having a mistress in Portugal, convinced it would lessen him very much in her opinion, that while apparently attached to her, he should be entangled with a connexion of this kind.

Thinking it however prudent to be provided for, should any event deprive her of a protector, Mrs. Marley, though she continued to inthral Fernando, secretly listened to the vows of Don Luis de Zamara, a Portuguese of high rank and immensely rich. He had a swarthy countenance, over which a dark gloom always seemed to lower, his eyes generally declining to the ground, seldom raising them even when he conversed, and when he did

there

there was a fierce malignant expression in them, that made the heart recoil. He was tall in stature, but stooped very much, and so thin that his bones seemed as if they would have escaped through the yellow skin that was stretched over them:—his soul was similar to this unprepossessing exterior, for hatred, malice, revenge, and the most violent passions were inmates of his breast; and he spared no expence or the commission of the blackest crimes, to gratify his passions.

An appearance so disagreeable would lead one to imagine, must be far from pleasing to Mrs. Marley; yet the resemblance of their minds, however different their outward forms, attracted them towards each other; and the liberal presents he made her, quite gained upon her avarice; and she promised him, should Fernando ever discard her, he should be his successor; and they frequently amused themselves with the idea of having completely deceived him in his absence.

The morose and almost frightful exterior of Zamara, is a convincing proof that a long course of infamous pursuits, and a depraved mind, frequently deforms the countenance and renders it a faithful portrait of the heart. He was about forty years of age, and in the first days of his youth was allowed to be a very handsome dark man; but a constant series of crimes, by rendering him the prey of terror and a guilty conscience, had totally disfigured his aspect.

Always afraid of discovery, he was constantly harrassed in his mind, and this in addition to the debaucheries of his life, reduced him to the meagre shadow he now presented. Several women had fallen victims to his arts in his younger days, as he had more opportunity of doing mischief with a fine person in his favor, than now, when worn out with guilt and dissipation, his appearance gave every one who saw him a prepossession against him. Scarcely had

he

he attained his twentieth year, when riding out one day with his brother Ricardo, a few years younger than himself, Ricardo had the misfortune of being thrown from his horse opposite the habitation of a respectable farmer; and being quite senseless and dangerously bruised, was taken into the house and became so extremely ill, that it was found impossible to remove him for some weeks.

During this interval, Luis de Zamara was frequently at the farm-house, to see his brother and return thanks for the trouble he occasioned; and in the many visits he made, frequently saw Rosina, the farmer's daughter.—She was a lovely, innocent and amiable young girl, and enamoured of her person he soon formed the execrable design of seducing her, and too fatally succeeded; which never would have happened had he not promised faithfully to marry her if she yielded to his wishes.

Month however passed after month, and he evaded his promise, till it was visible to all that saw her, that she was pregnant; and an uncle of Rosina's who was very rich, and with whom she had always been a great favorite, soon learnt the truth of the whole affair, and offered Zamara to give her a portion of twenty thousand pounds, if he would marry her.—This proposition he unrelentingly refused, and Rosina, almost frantic as she approached the time of her confinement, hastened to the town where he resided, to implore him to take pity on her, and conceal her shame by keeping his promise.

When she reached it, she perceived a great appearance of mirth and rejoicing going forward; and inquiring the cause was informed, that Zamara was married on that day. This intelligence no sooner reached her ears than it threw her into convulsions, which brought on a premature labour; and every thing that happens in small

small towns being soon known, her afflicting situation was imparted to his mother, an excellent woman, who immediately took her under her protection; and representing her dangerous state of health to her son, persuaded him to settle an annuity on the deserted girl and her child.

Most fortunately for Rosina were the good lady's exertions, for her disgrace no sooner became the public talk, than her friends from that moment took no farther notice of her, and her only subsistence was the income allowed her by her seducer. A few years afterwards his wife, a most worthy and lovely woman died suddenly; and having consumed her large fortune and part of his own, he wrote to Rosina to desire she would give up the half of what he had hitherto regularly paid her.

This request from a man that had destroyed her peace and was yet dear to her, rent her heart with bitterest woe, and in a

broken voice she exclaimed, to a friend that was with her, "This is indeed the stroke of death!" and from that time she visibly declined, and sunk in the space of a month or six weeks, into the silent grave.

Her child was provided for by the rich uncle, who after the decease of its mother, made it sole heiress to his fortune: nor did the sad fate of the beautiful, once beloved, and betrayed Rosina, ever cause the least regret to the hardened and unfeeling Zamara; and he never even enquired after his child. But this was not the only instance of his wickedness and want of feeling, as he had and still continued to commit crimes more atrocious.

Don Antonio de Silvio, the only Portuguese nobleman that was on intimate terms with Fernando, gave a grand ball; and the principal persons of distinction within the city of Oporto, and for several miles round were present. Some few English

lish were invited, and Fernando having permission to bring whatever party he chose with him, requested Lady Archdale would suffer Amelrosa to accompany him. Willing to please the young people, her ladyship consented that he should attend her there, with Mrs. Romney for her companion.

On this occasion Amelrosa was simply adorned, and the plainness of her dress made her loveliness more conspicuous.—A Grecian robe of the purest white, trimmed with fine lace of the most delicate texture, fell in graceful folds over her slender and well-turned form.—A wreath of jasmine encircled her head, and confined the luxuriant tresses of her nut-brown hair, which fell in native glossy ringlets round her sweet face. The novelty of appearing in so large an assembly for the first time, gave a bright effulgence to her sparkling eyes, and her cheeks became the colour of a ripe peach: this beautiful suffusion was

a pleasing contrast to the whiteness of her skin, which in tint and smoothness resembled ivory.

Don Fernando gazed with admiration and surprise, not having judged it possible that her charms could be heightened, so lovely did she always appear; and internally confessed himself mistaken. They drove to Don Antonio's, where several hundreds of people were assembled, many of them objects of admiration, but not one could dispute the palm of elegance and beauty with Fernando and Amelrosa,—the noble and manly grace of his person forming a striking contrast to the feminine loveliness and beauteous softness that distinguished her.

Their unaffected manners, united with the sprightly grace and ease with which they acquitted themselves in dancing, drew upon them both envy and applause; the majority however of the company, were quite

quite captivated, as the pleasure they felt in each others society, gave them an animation that was visible in the brilliant radiance of their eyes, as they lightly moved along the winding dance. Among a number of ladies and gentlemen introduced to Amelrosa by her lover and Mrs. Romney, was Sir Sidney Delvin, a young gentleman about three and twenty. She had observed him from the beginning of the evening, walking from one room to the other and never joining the dancers, appearing dejected amidst this scene of gaiety. He had a very pleasing countenance, and feeling interested, she wished to know who he was, and was consequently rejoiced when Fernando introduced him: he took every opportunity of chatting with her, and at supper sat near her, and Fernando on the other side.

She was charmed with the good sense he displayed in the trifling conversation they had together, and the genuine polite-

ness he discovered; and considered him, with the exception of Fernando and her favorite Captain Glenholme, as the most finished gentleman she had ever known: he would have been remarkably handsome if he had been fatter, for he had fine eyes, aquiline nose, and a very handsome mouth. His figure was tall and elegant, but rather too thin, which Amelrosa without knowing the cause conjectured, from the negligence of his dress and his visible air of dejection, was caused by some secret affliction that injured his health.

She expressed to Fernando, as they were returning home after passing a most delightful evening, how much she was pleased with Sir Sidney; and his friend then gave him the highest character, adding there was scarcely a virtue that dignified human nature, but inhabited his breast; yet from the treachery of mankind, though so young a man, he had met with some severe trials to exercise his fortitude. Amelrosa expressed

pressed her concern at this information, and the conversation then turned on some other characters they had met with in the course of the night.

Zamara was at Don Antonio's ball, and being personally acquainted with Fernando immediately carried the intelligence to Mrs. Marley, of the beautiful lady that accompanied him, and to whom he paid a preference so marked and flattering, that it attracted the attention of every one. Being a great admirer of beauty, he spoke in such animated terms of the loveliness of Fernando's fair companion, that it enflamed the jealous disposition of his mistress.—Though indifferent to him, her pride was wounded, and she now plainly discovered the cause of his late neglect and the carcity of his visits.

His allowance was, however, acceptable, and her haughty spirit could not bear the reflection of being deserted for another;

dreading likewise, if he married Amelrosa, whom she hated though a stranger to her, for occasioning his desertion, that her interest might be affected. Furious with passion as this idea obtruded itself into her mind, she roved about the room like a deranged person, making use of such malicious and revengeful expressions against both the lovers, that she even shocked the brutal Zamara,—who vowed, if she would compose herself, to devise some plan to alienate Fernando from this new object of his affections.

These promises by degrees composed her violence, and when she was quite recovered, readily agreed to follow the advice of Zamara, who intreated she would conduct herself towards Fernando, when he again visited her, as if she still continued ignorant of what had passed, and if possible with more than usual kindness.—She observed these injunctions so well, that she completely deceived him, and increased his

his reluctance to part with her, though he felt he ought shortly to form the resolution to act decidedly, from respect to his virtuous mistress.

Zamara now exerted himself to procure every inquiry relative to Lady Archdale's and Amelrosa's connexions, employing the additional assistance of an old servant who had lived with him many years, and was his coadjutor and adviser in all his vicious schemes.—They soon learnt, on a strict scrutiny, the dependant situation of Amelrosa, the remarkable story attached to her birth, and that she was destitute of fortune and every friend, except Lady Archdale and her daughter.

Having imparted this to Mrs. Marley, they consulted what method was best to be pursued, and determined at length to write an anonymous letter to Don Rodrick de Montalvan, informing him of his son's attentions to a destitute young woman of mean

mean and doubtful extraction, who had been mistress to the late Sir Edmund Archdale; having deceived his mother, who was rather disordered in her intellects, by imposing this girl upon her as a person of character, and prevailed upon her ladyship to take her as a companion.

Thus mingling some truth with a great deal of falshood, and requesting Don Rodrick not to discover to any one, the source of his information, they dispatched the letter, flattering themselves it would make a strong impression, as he was naturally inclined to view every thing in the worst light. As they judged, so it actually happened, and he was quite enraged at the prospect of his son's uniting himself to a woman, under such circumstances as described; but knowing that he was independent, had a lofty spirit, and from being so little accustomed to his authority, would not easily brook any angry remonstrances, he resolved, whatever pain it might give him

him, to avoid speaking harshly; and gently represent the impropriety of his forming a marriage so infinitely beneath his rank; acquainting him at the same time, with the description he had received of Amelrosa's situation in life.

When the subject was introduced, and the degrading anecdotes relating to her mentioned, Don Fernando listened to his father with astonishment, vexation, and incredulity.—He was provoked at the intelligence he had gained of his affection for Amelrosa, from the apprehension that he might endeavor to throw some impediments in the way to prevent their union; conscious it was his wish that he should marry into some noble Portuguese family; and though no consideration could influence him to sacrifice his happiness, yet he was averse to Don Rodrick's being acquainted with his passion for Amelrosa, till he had come to some positive resolution respecting her.—He was astonished likewise at the injurious

injurious reports to her disadvantage, and in what manner he had learnt his attentions to her.

The scandal respecting her he totally disbelieved, as he always understood she was related to Lady Archdale.—To quiet, however, the present anxiety of his father, and relieve himself from his importunities, he assured him he had never made Amelrosa an offer of his hand, though he disbelieved the reports to her prejudice; and that he might be assured, he would never do anything to disgrace the noble family from which he was descended.

This asseveration quieted the fears of Don Rodrick, whilst Fernando, though he despised what he had heard against the lovely Amelrosa, felt an unpleasant sensation from it arise in his bosom. When he visited her again, he looked more serious than she had ever seen him, appearing quite out of spirits. In the course of his visit,

visit, Lady Archdale left the room for a short time, when after remaining for some moments absorbed in thought, he suddenly emerged from his reverie, by asking Amelrosa if she was nearly related to Lady Archdale.

Surprised at an alteration in his manner so opposite to his general behavior, she replied that she did not exactly know, having been left an orphan when quite an infant, but rather thought she was very distantly related to her. This was all that passed on the subject with Fernando; however, the next morning at breakfast, she repeated to her ladyship the question he had asked, and the singularity of his manner at the same time.

Lady Archdale mused several minutes after she had ceased speaking, and then with a voice more solemn than usual, thus addressed her:—I have long observed, my dear child, that Fernando de Montalvan enter-

entertains an ardent passion for you, and most probably will soon declare himself, and make proposals to me on your account. I shall, therefore, be necessitated as a person of honor, to inform him of every particular relative to you, and impart several circumstances which you are ignorant of yourself.—But it is now my duty, however painful it may be and wounding to my feelings, to inform you of every incident in which you are interested."

Her ladyship then proceeded to acquaint Amelrosa with the real history of her birth and introduction to her. This recital affected her almost to agony, yet her heart overflowed with additional gratitude towards her beloved benefactress,—in the most affecting language expressing the grateful emotions of her heart, and the anguish she suffered at being deserted by the authors of her being. She trembled from the apprehension that Fernando, at the knowledge of her being destitute of fortune

tune, relatives, and even in doubt if her birth was disgraceful or otherwise, might perhaps renounce her for ever.

Again she considered if he really loved, no alteration ought to take place in his sentiments, from an unfortunate circumstance that could not attach any blame to her, and her want of fortune would not be any consideration, as he had a very handsome independent income, sufficient to support them both in the most elegant style. However favorable she viewed this affair, she could not avoid being anxious and uneasy, from the uncertainty in which she was plunged in regard to Fernando's conduct; and if his love was sincere enough to be uninjured by the discovery.

On the following evening he called to accompany Amelrosa to Almaraz, having since their last interview reflected seriously on the answer she gave him, when he inquired what degree of relation she was to

Lady

Lady Archdale, thinking it so unsatisfactory, that it raised suspicions in his mind when he recollected the information Don Rodrick had received, which made him resolve to repeat the question as they walked together to the Castle. The remembrance of what had passed between Lady Archdale and herself, caused her to hesitate and look confused at his reiteration of the same enquiry; and endeavoring to evade telling a falshood, she replied with so much disorder and so incoherently, that it gave him the worst impression, and inclined him to believe nearly all that he had heard; but to spare her a repetition of the agitation she had undergone, he declined saying any more on the subject.

The high opinion he had hitherto entertained of her, had weakened in his mind the contemptible opinion he had hitherto entertained of the female sex, but these sentiments now returned with redoubled force, since she had given him reason to suspect

suspect that what had been related to her prejudice, had truth for its foundation; and he determined to make a trial of that virtue which till this moment he had ever held in the utmost estimation.

When they reached Almaraz, he conducted her to the pavilion, little suspecting the design he meditated in his heart, where a storm was forming to disturb her tranquility.—His irresolution and disquiet, however, agitated him so forcibly, that it was obvious to Amelrosa, who could not comprehend the cause:—he sat down by her, then rose, and took long and hasty strides, suddenly stopped again, appearing to observe the surrounding objects. With desperate resolution he at length recovers some composure, and entering into conversation with Amelrosa, after gently hinting at his passion for her, he imprinted a kiss on her hand, and in the most impressive and unequivocal terms, avowed his love; his eyes soliciting when he was silent, more impor-

importunately than his words, that her decision might be in his favor.

She blushed at the impatient ardor of his looks, but was more pleased than surprised at this declaration, as she had long expected it: hope and fear alternately agitated Fernando, and hastily succeeded each other, till at length he prevailed on her blushing to confess, that he had gradually gained on her good opinion, and created an interest in her heart. This point obtained, with artful protestations, studied exclamations, accompanied with the most passionate accents, he drew aside the mask of honorable regard, and throwing himself at her feet, without disguise proclaimed his dishonorable intentions:—his fortune, himself, and every action of his life, he said, should be at her command, if she would but consent to make him happy; continuing the usual hackneyed strain of most libertines on similar occasions.

The

The unexpected shock of such a disclosure, as she had not a suspicion of his views being inimical to virtue, deeply wounded the delicacy of her innocent mind, and filled it with horror and grief.—She pushed him hastily from her, as he attempted to clasp her in his arms, her eyes filled with tears, and her bosom heaved with anguish and mortification, at having placed her affections on a man whose only aim was to betray her to vice and destruction. So severely acute were her feelings, that she was very near fainting, and turned pale as the mountain snow, whose purity was but an emblem of hers.

The freedom of his principles could not prevent him from being keenly affected at the picture of woe she represented.—No art could assume so true appearance of distress, which convinced him of her virtue; and he now bitterly repented of his presumption.—He attempted to approach her to speak in his defence, but she would not

not listen to him, desiring he would instantly leave her if he did not wish to see her faint at his feet; as the sight of him, since she had discovered his designs, was abhorrent to her. Offended pride at this speech, gave him resolution to leave her, and so retired more miserable than herself, because his conscience reproached him for the insult he had offered to a virtuous woman, as he could no longer be insensible of her intrinsic worth.

When he was no longer visible, she rallied her spirits, and finding herself a little recovered, began returning to Meragaya. She was a considerable time in reaching it, as the agitation she had suffered disordered her whole frame, and her knees trembled so much she could scarcely stand, proceeding with difficulty.

When she entered the apartment where Lady Archdale was anxiously expecting them, as it was late and dangerous to be walking

walking at that hour, though she supposed them both together, her ladyship quite started with surprise at seeing her enter alone; and was just going to ask what she had done with Fernando, when viewing her expressive countenance, she was quite hurt at the air of sorrow it wore.—She vainly endeavored to suppress the tears that gushed from her eyes at the sight of her indulgent benefactress, and trickled down her pallid cheeks, till unable to conquer her emotion sunk into a chair and wept aloud in an agony almost hysterical. These tears were, however, a seasonable relief, and prevented a fainting-fit, which would have been more injurious to her health.

From the unsuspecting goodness of her own heart, and the high opinion she had of Fernando, it was impossible for Lady Archdale to conjecture the cause of her agitation; and she was motionless with amazement, concern and curiosity. Amelrosa as she recovered, perceived what pas-

sed in her mind; and to relieve her perturbation, imparted with regret and indescribable emotion, the painful events of the evening, which she had not an idea would have taken place, when cheerful and happy she had quitted her.

Lady Archdale, highly indignant at the affront offered to her beloved Amelrosa, which was likewise an insult to herself, as she was under her protection, wrote a most severe letter to Fernando, reprobating in contemptuous terms his ungenerous conduct to a lovely and amiable female, and forbade him from ever appearing in their presence again. Her ladyship received an answer to this letter, in which he endeavored to exculpate himself by repeating his father's information, which was injurious to the reputation of her *protegée*, and caused him to entertain an ill opinion of her.—From this source originated his improper behavior, which he earnestly wished to obliterate from his memory, imploring her

her forgiveness, and that she would intercede for him.

To this letter Lady Archdale replied, that listening to scandalous reports was a trifling excuse, and appeared as if he was glad of any opportunity to conceal his own vicious inclinations; observing at the same time, after having been for some months on a friendly and intimate footing at her house, he had understanding and penetration enough to distinguish if the reports he had heard were well-founded. She then gave him a concise and affecting history of the deserted Amelrosa, that he might not for the future have it in his power to say there were any concealments respecting her.—Her ladyship concluded with advising him on other occasions, to beware how he offended a woman of character, and sincerely wished him a thorough reformation of principles.

From this correspondence that passed

between Fernando and Lady Archdale, Amelrosa, who still felt some regard for him, with all his imperfections, almost repented having exposed him to Lady Archdale; for it is a difficult task to a feeling mind, entirely to become indifferent to those they have once esteemed.—On cool reflection, however, her judgment acquitted her, and proved she had acted right, in having no disguise from a friend who loved her so tenderly, to whom her obligations were infinite, and without her advice had certainly conducted herself erroneously, unacquainted as she was with the world.

Fernando wrote her numberless letters, which her ladyship suspecting would be the case, desired her if they came to return them unopened; as whatever palliation the story he had heard from his father was, for his behavior at Almaraz, yet from the mean opinion he apparently had of the sex, which his conduct plainly evinced, she considered that Amelrosa could not too warmly

warmly resent the insult he had offered by his dishonorable overtures. Her rejection of his early advances to a reconciliation, would raise her she imagined, in his esteem; and if he truly loved, not lessen his affection, but encourage him by a sincere repentance to atone for his fault, and hope at a future period to render himself worthy of being blest with her hand. In another point of view, if he did not esteem her as he ought, she was fortunate in having escaped the unhappy destiny of being united to a worthless character. These were Lady Archdale's ideas, though she thought it most prudent to avoid mentioning them to Amelrosa.

To drown the reflection of the offence he had offered Amelrosa, as he had resigned all hope of being forgiven from her stedfast refusal of his letters, and to quiet the remorse that stung his soul at the recollection of his own baseness, he again sought the society of Mrs. Marley, with

the same avidity as when he first knew her. He viewed her, however, with sentiments quite opposite; for the image of Amelrosa obtruded itself, whose unsullied mind shone in her countenance; whilst cultivated good sense embellished her conversation, devoid of vanity or affectation, and elegance of manners completed the description; forming a striking contrast to her rival, who was constantly displaying her ignorance and conceit.

The absurd nonsence that flowed from her pretty lips sometimes caused a laugh, but more frequently disgusted. She was much addicted to drinking a great quantity of wine after dinner, and her artifice then was almost thrown aside, after being on the point of betraying herself.—Torrents of indelicate expressions escaped her at those moments, and Fernando would secretly reproach himself when he witnessed her behavior, for associating with such

such a woman when attached to one so infinitely superior.

In his absence she exulted with Zamara on the success of their diabolical scheme, loading him with caresses for the part he had acted in it; whilst Fernando, devoid of suspicion, was a stranger to the deception practised, firmly impressed with the idea, that she was unacquainted with his passion for Amelrosa de Merida.

CHAP. V.

They sing the sweet song of the May,
They sing it with mirth and with glee;
Sure I once thought the sonnet was gay,
But now 'tis all sadness to me.

Man of Feeling.

THE cottage of Josepha was more frequently visited than ever by Amelrosa, since her friend had informed her of her remarkable story, as she delighted to converse with the good peasant on the subject, and ask a thousand questions relative to her mother.—Though always a repetition of the same occurrences, yet was she never weary of hearing them repeated; and could not

not avoid flattering herself, from the circumstances she heard, that she was of no mean origin; indulging the pleasing hope that she had not reason to blush for her parents, and that Providence in its goodness would one day discover them to her.

With this expectation she endeavored to console herself, but often when she left the cottage would turn to look back as she departed, and recollect with the most painful sensations, that in that spot her mother, as Josepha informed her, had with grief abandoned her offspring to the humanity of strangers, and was probably numbered with the silent dead, and could no more seek her child and bless her with her sight. Melancholy and dejected she would return home, and the remembrance of Fernando's perfidy, mingled with the sighs of regret that issued from her bosom, at being ignorant of the authors of her existence.

But in the hour of deepest anguish she

uttered prayers of heartfelt gratitude to the Almighty, for having bestowed so valuable a friend as Lady Archdale, whose angelic beneficence had secured her from poverty and distress, educated her in a superior style, and treated her with so much tenderness that her grateful heart loved her with more than the common affection of a daughter.

Sir Sidney Delvin had visited at Meragaya from the day after the ball, having accompanied Fernando when he called to make a morning visit; and was not discarded because the person that introduced him had offended them. Though on a friendly footing with Montalvan, he was not in his confidence with respect to his attachment to Amelrosa, but easily perceived his admiration of her was unbounded, and was consequently surprised and unable to conjecture the cause of never seeing him at Lady Archdale's, after having been on such an intimate footing. The longer Sir Sidney

Sidney was known, the more he was esteemed, and a most desirable companion to Amelrosa since she had lost the society of Fernando. She felt the sincerest friendship for him, as he appeared to entertain the same sentiments for her, frequently conversing of his misfortunes, and imparting to her the treacherous machinations of a near relation, which had deprived him of the ample fortune he had once possessed, leaving him with a scanty pittance, barely sufficient to support him as a gentleman. He did not regret the loss of fortune because it deprived him of the luxuries to which he had been accustomed, but on account of its preventing him from the exquisite pleasure of doing good, and defeated several excellent plans which he had just began to put in execution, for the benefit of the unfortunate.

Sorrow and disappointment, he observed to Amelrosa, had blasted all the fair prospects of his youth, and frequently did he

experience the miserable sensation of witnessing virtue and merit in distress, which affected him more than ever, as he seldom had the power of relieving it. Since the alteration that had taken place in his fortune, many who had courted his acquaintance in the sunshine of prosperity, and others to whom he had granted favors, had made him feel acutely the bitterness of his loss, by their cool and ungrateful behavior; nor could any one, he said, be really acquainted, unless in a similar situation, with the selfishness and cruelty of the world.

Amelrosa often derived pleasure in weeping with him at the recital of his afflictions; and the sensibility she evinced for his distress was soothing to his soul, as there is nothing so consolatory to a wounded mind as the real sympathy and feeling of an amiable being. In general, when not touching on the subject of his misfortunes, he was very cheerful, though rarely lively, and sometimes serious but not melancholy.

Many

Many instances of his benevolence that he endeavored to conceal, had reached Amelrosa's knowledge, which increased her admiration of his goodness, as he must have deprived himself of some comfort in his straitened circumstances, to enable him to be so liberal. Lady Archdale encouraged his visits as much as possible: she formed a sincere esteem for him; he was pleasing and agreeable, and she had no apprehension of being mistaken in his character, as she was in Montalvan's. She wished likewise by having his company frequently, to divert Amelrosa's mind from dwelling on the remembrance of her lover's conduct, perceiving that when she was not observed her eyes would fill with tears, whilst a deep melancholy took possession of her countenance.—Hope, whose sweet balm she could no longer cherish, had fled far from her, and the bloom of health began no longer to blush on a cheek that it had formerly constantly visited; but it was not, as her ladyship imagined, the loss of him whose tender-

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nent for Amelrosa to rally her spirits; conscious that unless she went herself, she would contrive some excuse to remain at home. After a month passed in comparative gaiety, they had an invitation to a rural masked ball at Mrs. Romney's quinta, which she gave on the anniversary of her husband's birth-day; and Amelrosa really thought Lady Archdale had taken leave of her senses, when she heard her declare she intended going; not having any suspicion of the good-natured motive that influenced her conduct.

At nine o'clock, Lady Archdale, Amelrosa, Madame de Villette, a French Countess, and Sir Sidney Delvin drove in the same carriage to Mrs. Romney's. Amelrosa wished to have worn a domino, but in compliance with her ladyship's request that she would appear in character, she chose the simple attire of a Swiss country girl, as she could support the character she assumed very properly, from speaking the

the language, and having learnt a great deal of information respecting the customs and manners from Sir Sidney, who had resided some time in Switzerland, and was habited as a peasant of that country.—Amelrosa's dress consisted of a vest of blue taffety, closely fitted to her elegant shape, a short white petticoat, straw hat trimmed with pale blue ribbon the colour of her vest, and a little round cap that shaded part of her beautiful brown hair that fell in circling ringlets.—Lady Archdale wore a black domino, Madame de Villette the habit of a Turkish Sultana.

The first view of Mrs. Romney's garden where the scene of amusement was situated, had a most enchanting effect: several grand walks with lofty trees planted on each side, were superbly illuminated with various coloured glass lamps, suspended from the branches: groups of motley figures, elegant, pretty, grotesque, and terrific, were parading about or dancing to the enlivening sounds

sounds of a delightful band of music. After walking about for some time, a tall, elegant figure in a light blue domino, placed himself by the side of Amelrosa, and entered into conversation with her, whilst Sir Sidney was engaged in conversing with Lady Archdale and the Countess. He displayed so much wit and intelligence that the fair object of his attention was quite amused. She thought she had heard his voice before but could not conjecture who he was:—with most of the characters present he seemed well acquainted, and explained who they were to Amelrosa, whose looks were attracted to a fine lady in an English court-dress of the last century.—This figure was immensely tall, near seven feet high, and the towering cap and lappets that adorned her clumsy head, added to her preposterous height. She danced about with her large hoop, and curtsied in a burlesque manner to every one that addressed her: this giantess, the blue domino said, was a gentleman of his acquaintance; and speaking

speaking to the pretended lady, she replied in a voice so rough that it quite startled her.

A lady in a Venetian habit was accompanied by a lovely haymaker, who drew general admiration:—she was tall and exquisitely formed; the mask she had on disclosed to view the most beautiful mouth and teeth of pearly hue, with eyes that sparkled with the most brilliant animation. A small white chip hat, with pink ribbon puffed round it, was carelessly placed on her head; she wore no gown, but shift sleeves of fine cambric, in small plaits, white satin stays laced before with pink ribbon, pink satin quilted petticoat, and a white silk handkerchief crossed over her bosom; short black silk mittens partly concealing her white round arms; silk stockings and black satin shoes covered her pretty feet, and in one hand she held a wooden rake.

"What

"What a beautiful creature!" exclaimed Amelrosa, "my curiosity is much excited to know who she is." "I am most happy then," rejoined her companion, "to have it in my power to gratify you, she is the Earl of Marchmont's daughter, Lady Louisa Stanhope; a most fascinating woman; and whoever knows her must acknowledge her goodness is equal to her beauty.—The old lady in the Venetian dress is her aunt, and resides with the Earl and Lady Louisa, who intend travelling over the greater part of Europe.—Do you observe that very fat short man in the flame-colored domino, that follows her about and appears so troublesome?—he is a conceited puppy of a Portuguese, who is quite a torment to every handsome woman he sees; his vanity being so intolerable, that he imagines no female can resist his persuasive tongue."

A mask now approached, in size exceeding the description of Sir John Falstaff, an imitation of a fat old merchant of Oporto, whose

whose enormous bulk could scarcely be equalled. "Would you believe it;" said the blue domino, "that this moving mountain is represented by a young man of such a spare form, that he may be actually called a walking skeleton.—That waddle which gives him so natural an appearance, proceeds from the weight of the cloaths he carries, to make him look so immoderately large."

Enveloped in a shroud, a figure glided past them with a white leather mask to imitate the countenance of a corpse; and they both mutually agreed on the impropriety of introducing in a scene of mirth, so awful a subject as death, which was too serious to be sported with. Here they were interrupted by a clown who rushed by, and nearly threw them down, flinging his arms about in all directions; and they saw several persons fall to the ground from his boisterous manner of pushing and running against them with the utmost violence.

"That

"That is some brutal fellow," said the blue domino, "who has assumed this character, thinking his savage behavior will be tolerated; but I hope some man of spirit will not suffer him to continue this conduct." He had hardly spoken these words when a crowd of gentlemen surrounded the clown, and ignominiously turned him out of the garden. The bustle of this affair was scarcely over, when a hermit came forward and made a long oration on the occasion, which few of the company attended to. "I can with difficulty refrain from heartily laughing," continued Amelrosa's new acquaintance, "at the pair on our right hand." She turned to observe the objects pointed out, and perceived an elegant man talking with the greatest tenderness and solicitude, to a very fine figure of a lady dressed in a fancy habit of excellent taste.

"To use an expression that is rather harsh, but which is alone sufficient to express

press what I mean," added the blue domino, "that lady with a charming form has unfortunately a very ugly face, in fact almost frightful; yet the fineness of her figure always gains her an admirer at every masquerade she frequents: as her eyes are likewise good, they give her credit for all other charms, and are uniformly disappointed when she discovers her face; which makes me so much diverted at the idea of the defeat of that gentleman's hopes, who is at present, apparently, ardently enamoured."

Sir Sidney now approached to converse with Amelrosa, which the blue domino perceiving, he instantly disappeared; and they soon afterwards joined a group of dancers.—Her perfect form glided through the mazy windings of the dance, light as the gossamer waved by the breath of spring, and excited universal attention by the gracefulness of her air, whilst the greensword scarcely bent beneath her light and

easy

easy steps. Her spirits were exhilarated by the charming sound of the music, whose sweet and lively symphony resounded delightfully through the groves and lawns in this enchanting spot, illuminated by the trembling lustre of the lamps dispersed among the foliage of the trees, and intermingled with the radiant beams of the moon, whose silvery whiteness diffused itself upon this enchanting scene.

Naturally lively, and of that happy disposition which enjoys every amusement that is presented, she answered the mask that accosted her, with the utmost wit and vivacity, advantageously displaying the brilliancy of her understanding. The party she came with, seeing her engaged and under the protection of Sir Sidney, retired to partake of some other diversion in a distant part of the gardens.

Amelrosa danced for two hours with unabated pleasure, till the warmth of the exercise

exercise made her feel much incommoded by her mask; and telling Sir Sidney she should like to sit down, he conducted her to a retired seat, and left her to procure some refreshment. In a few minutes Sir Sidney returned, and in a hurried confused voice, with apparent agitation, he caught hastily hold of her hand, saying she must depart immediately, as Lady Archdale was taken suddenly ill and returned home, desired she would instantly come to her.

Impetuous in her feelings for every one she loved, Amelrosa terrified at the idea of the indisposition of her benefactress, started eagerly from her seat, and in a trembling voice exclaiming,—"Let us begone this instant!" caught hold of his arm, and with the amiable affection and thoughtlessness of youth, without waiting to take leave of any one, or considering any thing but the danger of her beloved friend, flew rather than walked to the carriage, which Sir Sidney placed her in and then jumped in after

after her. She tore off her mask to dry th tears that bathed her cheeks for a being sc dear to her, and sighs of real regret burst from her grateful bosom.

Her companion observed a deep and mournful silence, which she attributed to concern for Lady Archdale's illness, for whom he always appeared to entertain a sincere friendship. As the carriage drove very fast, though absorbed in sorrow she endeavored to recover herself, not to depress her ladyship's spirits; as she conjectured from the time she had been on the road, that they must be near Meragaya, and therefore endeavored to obtain composure. When she had in some degree ucceeded, she addressed herself to Sir idney, asking him several questions re- tive to the manner in which the intelli- nce of Lady Archdale's illness and desire see her, had reached him; having forgot her agitation to inquire any particulars. these inquiries he made an incoherent

and almost inaudible answer, still retaining his mask, which added to the melancholy she already felt, caused her spirits to sink, and an unaccountable and indescribable horror to creep through her veins. She could not account for the mysterious behavior of Sir Sidney, but by supposing Lady Archdale had suddenly expired, and he was apprehensive if she saw the emotion of his countenance she would be suspicious of the truth; a fatal circumstance indeed for her, as she loved her so tenderly and was her only friend.

Upon further consideration she flattered herself this dreadful event had not taken place, as she had not for several years seen her ladyship in such good health and spirits as when she left her that evening to dance. She continued in gloomy reflection, and at length began to be impatient at not being yet arrived at the place of destination, as they drove with great rapidity. She looked from the window of her carriage, and the moon

moon which had been obscured by a cloud now emerged in all its mild lustre, and shining on the surrounding objects she discovered they were travelling on a road totally unknown to her. A strange foreboding now for the first time crossed her mind, and examining the carriage, discovered with emotions of terror that it was not like Lady Archdale's; then glancing with curiosity at her companion, she perceived large black eyes regarding her with a look of scrutiny.

In a faultering voice which she strove to make appear firm, she asked Sir Sidney if he was not fearful the postillion had mistaken the way; but to this she received no answer, as he only folded his arms and threw himself into a corner of the carriage, as if he did not hear and was going to sleep. Endeavoring to conquer her fears by indulging the hope, notwithstanding these circumstances, that they were still in the road to Meragaya, she became more com-

posed; but could not enjoy the pleasing suggestion long, as they continued to travel with the greatest expedition till morning began to dawn.

Her companion about that time appeared to awake, and thrusting his head out of the window, called in a voice quite different from Sir Sidney's, to two men on horseback who had followed the carriage though she had not observed them. After speaking a few minutes to them in a low voice, one of the men delivered to him a large cloak and hat: he wrapped himself in the cloak, and flapping the hat over his face disengaged himself from his mask.

Amelrosa attentively watched every thing that passed, and though she could not entirely distinguish the face of her companion, yet saw sufficient to convince her he was not Sir Sidney; and she now found him much thinner than the person he wished to represent, which not suspecting

ing any deception, she had not before remarked. In vain did she perplex her imagination with conjecturing the motive nary manner; and unable to unravel it, awaited the event with anxiety, as every effort she made to converse met with no encouragement.

When day-light was quite visible, she found they were arrived at the foot of a lofty mountain, and the carriage stopped at a wretched hovel near it. Here the pretended Sir Sidney offered her wine and fruit to refresh her, which finding she refused, assisted by one of the men, he threw a mantilla over her, and placing her on a mule mounted behind her and supported her in his arms: his two attendants followed likewise on mules, and in this manner they ascended the mountain. Amelrosa quietly submitted to every thing, as it was useless to scream or make any resistance, as there was no one near to assist her; and she

endeavored, though she felt very faint and unwell, to keep up her spirits and behave with fortitude, that she might be better trials she was destined to endure.

After descending the mountain they travelled on for some miles, till they arrived on the borders of an extensive forest; and advancing through the umbrageous covert of shadowing trees, came within view of an antique building, surrounded by a kind of park, that bore the vestiges of having once been a magnificent seat, though part of it lay in ruins. The shade of the thick and lofty groves that environed it, threw a gloomy horror over its venerable walls and elevated turrets; the melancholy silence that reigned throughout this spot, being only interrupted by the melodious sounds of a variety of birds that had built their nests among the high trees.

One of the men that followed behind

with his comrade rode on now before them, and knocking loudly at the portal, the massy gate creaked on its rusty hinges, and a neat old woman appeared. Amelrosa was then lifted from the mule, being unable to stand, and carried through a spacious hall paved with black and white marble, broken in several places, to an inner apartment, which bore witness to the ravages of time as well as the hall.

Having supported her to a chair, she was left alone with the woman, who had a most prepossessing countenance; and feeling in her presence divested of fear, she relieved her swoln heart by a plentiful shower of tears, which she had suppressed for several hours. The sight of her unaffected distress seemed to move the elderly female, who offered her consolation, by repeated assurances that no insult was intended her; and that she had only to endeavor to make herself happy during her confinement, as she had not any other disagreeable circumstance

to expect; intreating she would suffer her :o prepare her some refreshment after her atiguing journey.

Faint and weary, Amelrosa gladly accepted her offer, and whilst recruiting her xhausted frame, she heard the pretended ir Sidney and the men who accompanied im, conversing together in the hall; and on after they mounted their mules, and ie saw them ride off from the window.— ie felt a relief from this event that she uld not describe, and when they had en gone about half an hour followed the man's advice, which was to retire to st, as she had travelled all the foregoing ght and the greater part of the day, and s less reluctant to consign herself to ep, as she heard her female companion identally say, they should be alone in s dreary mansion all night.

Leaning on Beatrice, which was the wo- n's name, Amelrosa ascended with her the

the craggy and worm-eaten staircase, and crossing a long gallery was conducted to an apartment, small in comparison to the one she had quitted, but of great extent. She found she had been expected, as night-clothes were prepared for her; and pointing to a trunk by the side of the bed, her conductor told her every thing it contained was for her use, and placing a lamp on the table wished her good-night, and disappeared. Amelrosa was no sooner left alone than she knelt down to implore the protection of Providence, earnestly praying with the utmost fervor; then hastily undressing threw herself on her solitary couch, and fell fast asleep, overcome with anxiety and fatigue.

CHAP. VI.

Her heart was pity's soft retreat,
The refuge of despair;
She sigh'd at tales of hard deceit,
And felt an equal care.

James.

THE best and sweetest soother of human cares pressed heavily on Amelrosa's eyelids; nor did she awake till the day was far advanced. She looked in amazement round her strange apartment, forgetting for some minutes the events that had passed, and the place to which she had been conveyed. Recollection, however, too soon returned, and

and she arose, but found her limbs stiff and painful from the rapid motion she had endured the preceding day.

Her masquerade dress caught her eye, and she sighed to think the misfortunes that were awaiting her, when she thought only of amusement. She looked in the trunk and saw a number of dresses in the Spanish fashion, plain but neat; and necessity obliging her to make use of one of them, she selected from among the rest, a pale grey silk jacket and petticoat; and turning up her fine hair with a comb, looked elegantly neat. She folded up her dress, placed it in the trunk, and throwing a black lace veil across her arm, which was with the remainder of the things, opened her chamber door and entered the gallery, which had been formerly ornamented with paintings, but now so effaced and discolored by damp and neglect, that scarcely any part of them were visible. She hastily passed through it, and arriving at the top

of the staircase, soon found her way to the room where she had been the night before, and discovered Beatrice seated, in conversation with a young man who resembled one of those who had attended her the preceding evening on her journey.

He was a short sturdy fellow of a swarthy complexion, in a kind of soldier's dress, with a dagger stuck in his belt and two pistols laying on a table before him:—he rose from his seat when Amelrosa entered, and offered to retire, but resumed his situation on her requesting him not to disturb himself. Whilst she reclined in a large old-fashioned chair, she found from the conversation that passed between Beatrice and the young man, that he was her son, and had returned that morning to the ruined mansion, where he usually took up his abode. When Amelrosa had finished the breakfast prepared for her, Jacome, for thus the woman styled her son, took up his pistols and left the room.

She

She then asked Beatrice to lend her a book to amuse her, as it would increase her misery to have no object to engage her attention. After hesitating some minutes she at length replied, that she believed there were some in that part of the eastern tower called the lady's dressing-room; but the place had been so long uninhabited, that she feared they were quite injured and decayed, and unfit to read.—However she would go and see, as she should be happy to oblige her. Having been absent nearly an hour, she returned with several books in good preservation, though the covers were mouldy. Among many others, Amelrosa selected a small volume of poems in Portuguese, and from various pieces chose the following, to entertain herself with translating into English, in the subsequent manner.

I.

SHELTERED in it's native dale,
Bloom'd a beauteous fragrant rose,
Sweet as the breath of summer gale,
That o'er the orange blossom blows.

II.

II.

This lovely rose, this blushing flow'r,
Meek nature's valued gift and boast,
By cruel storms in adverse hour,
I'ts rich perfume, i'ts bright tints lost.

III.

Beside yon river rapid, clear,
Don Juan's lofty Castle stood,
Near frowning rocks that welcome fear,
With sun-burnt plains and hanging wood.

IV.

His age one only child had blest,
Her beauty, worth, were past compare,
Julia, of elegance possess'd,
The dark ey'd maid with auburn hair.

V.

The bosom of the eglantine,
Of snowy whiteness ting'd with red,
Resembled Julia's skin so fine,
With modesty's light crimson spread.

VI.

And where the Douro's waters glide,
To meet old ocean's mighty bed,
Not distant from the haunt of pride,
A lowly cottage rear'd it's head.

VII.

In solitude to court relief,
Depress'd by fortune's cruel frown,
Here Carlos dwelt a val'ant chief,
Of fam'd descent and high renown.

VIII.

The gentle partner of his care,
Grief early to the grave consign'd,
Their virtues and misfortunes heir,
A blooming boy she left behind.

IX.

With all his parents worth renew'd.
Heaven form'd the generous youth,
And brave Alphonso's soul endued
With honor, constancy, and truth.

X.

His jetty locks wav'd round his face,
In ringlets o'er his forehead fair.
His eyes were sparkling full of grace,
And nobly grand his manly air.

XI.

In battle fierce placed side by side,
His father and Don Juan fought.
True friendship's warmth their hearts divide,
With mutual acts of kindness fraught.

XII.

Though opposite in temper, mind,
Their souls and wishes were but one,
And early Julia's hand design'd,
For Carlos gallant, happy son.

XIII.

From thoughtless childhood, blissful dawn,
Love fondly with their stature grew,
No pain they felt from fickle scorn,
On hopes light wings gay moments flew.

XIV.

XIV.

Why should riches baleful power,
Fill this world with lovers woe?
Why do parents for a dower,
Cause affections tears to flow?

XV.

Gaudy wealth and titles glitter,
A father's bosom frequent sways,
Sorrows then acute and bitter,
Wastes his wretched offspring's days.

XVI.

In peace had sixteen autumns roll'd,
Alphonso woos his destin'd bride,
When Leiras Duke, grand, haughty, bold,
For Julia's love enamour'd sigh'd.

XVII.

No crimes his sullen mind abhor'd,
Vice in his sallow visage beam'd.
Tall and of meagre form this Lord,
With eyes that fierce and cunning gleam'd.

XVIII.

Julia his splendid proffers scorn'd,
With horror feelingly exprest,
Fidelity her heart adorn'd,
True as the turtles faithful breast.

XIX.

Traitor to honor, faith, and friends,
At grandeurs shrine Don Juan bows,
No prayers his purpose firm unbends,
And Julia hears a stranger's vows.

XX.

In sadness see her beauties fade,
And promis'd is her plighted hand;
For proud ambition she's betray'd
By a stern parent's dread command.

XXI.

Who to the gentle maiden said,
With savage frown and fierce rebuke,
That seven morns should not be fled
Before he weds her to the Duke.

XXII.

All hopes of happiness are vain,
Fair Julia faints, o'ercome with woe,
Like drooping blossoms wet with rain,
She sinks beneath the fatal blow.

XXIII.

Reviv'd by kind yet cruel care,
Of every joy beguiled;
The victim rends her auburn hair,
With sharp despair and frenzy wild.

XXIV.

Swift to Alphonso's constant breast,
The winged shaft of sorrow came;
With anguish keen that grief imprest,
Which tears him from his matchless dame.

XXV.

Frantic with grief he frames a scroll,
And fondly does with warmth implore,
The lovely mistress of his soul,
To meet him e're they part, once more.

XXVI.

XXVI.

As soon to some far distant clime,
He'd mourning wind his dreary way,
In hopeless love destroy his prime,
Nor stay to view her nuptials gay.

XXVII.

Could hapless Julia dare refuse
His last request, who lov'd so true?
That heart alone can her accuse,
Which purest passion never knew.

XXVIII.

'Twas at the fearful hour of night,
And gloomy toll'd the Castle bell,
That by the pale moon's silv'ry light,
She stole unseen to sigh farewell.

XXIX.

Near yon rock with moss o'ercover'd,
Where blooms the heath of purple hue,
Weeping Julia fondly hover'd,
To bid her hearts best love adieu.

XXX.

And who is he? whose white plumes wave,
And careless float with flutt'ring gale,
His air majestic, mild, yet grave,
The roses on his cheek are pale.

XXXI.

His graceful form appears to view,
With hasty steps approaching near,
His footsteps lightly print the dew,
'Tis Carlos son, to Julia dear.

XXXII.

The youth falls prostrate at her feet,
Then clasps her to his throbbing heart:
"Ah why, my love," he murmurs sweet,
"Should pride and avarice make us part?

XXXIII.

"Oh Julia, fly this hour away,
"I'll be thy lover, husband, friend;
"Or see upon thy bridal day,
"Alphonso's breathless corse extend."

XXXIV.

"Rage, jealousy, in torrents swell,
"Nor peace I know, nor soothing rest;
"Then pity him who loves so well,
"And grant his hopeless, last request."

XXXV.

He ceas'd, and on the beauteous maid
His mournful looks imploring hung,
Whose tenderness, destructive aid,
The moving accents of his tongue.

XXXVI.

Soft love with duty still contends,
A father's angry curse she fears;
But love the conflict quickly ends,
With radiant hope Alphonso cheers.

XXXVII.

And where the Douro's waters glide,
His friends await him with a boat,
That wafts them to a vessel's side,
And o'er the main they swiftly float.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

The wind soon fill'd the swelling sails,
Their native coast no more is seen,
The bark flies on with prosp'rous gales,
O'er briny oceans billows green.

XXXIX.

Sudden a black storm clouds the sky,
It rous'd the fury of the deep,
The foaming waves are mountains high,
And heave and groan with mighty sweep.

XL.

The frighted pilot lost his course,
Steering both far away and wide;
Strong blew the wind, with raging force,
And swept the roaring, foamy tide.

XLI.

The tempest lulls, the sea is calm,
The land at distance they descry;
Of new-born joy they feel the balm,
It sparkles bright in ev'ry eye.

XLII.

The ship approaches near the shore,
When striking on a pointed rock,
Its shatter'd sides with water pour,
And founders with the dreadful shock.

XLIII.

Swift to their boats the sailors rush;
The trembling maid her lover bore;
Her fears he vainly strove to hush,
And fondly clasp'd her o'er and o'er.

XLIV.

With toil at length they reach the strand,
To God first thankful bow the head;
Then traversing the yellow sand,
The country's paths they eager tread.

XLV.

'Twas on a dreary desart isle,
These wretched wanderers were thrown;
No ray of comfort on them smile,
Their aching breasts with sorrow groan.

XLVI.

Now Julia's bosom heaves with woe,
With sighs repentant and sincere;
In tears these brilliant eyes o'erflow,
She pines with grief and deadly fear.

XLVII.

For disobedience to her sire,
This punishment she judg'd was sent;
No more can hope her soul inspire,
With sad remorse her heart is rent.

XLVIII.

The dying maid with bursting sighs,
Alphonso's faithful arms receiv'd;
On him are fix'd her languid eyes,
For him her struggling soul is griev'd.

XLIX.

To Heav'n is breath'd her latest pray'r,
For ev'ry blessing that conspires
To banish sorrow, fell despair,
Then fainting on his breast, expires.

L.

With piercing cries, with broken heart,
He clasps his Julia's lifeless clay;
Deep hollow groans and mis'ry's smart,
The vital sparks of life decay.

LI.

E'en the rough mariner reveres
The mem'ry of these lovers true,
And bathe their tomb with purest tears,
Of pity's soft and holy dew.

LII.

A cross upon their lowly grave,
With pious hands they sad erect;
Their mournful tale its sides engrave,
With flow'rs the rising mound bedeck'd.

LIII.

These grateful rites are scarcely paid,
When near the land a seaman spies,
A gallant ship at anchor laid,
And signals instant mounts on high.

LIV.

These signals met the Captain's sight,
Who sent some men towards the shore;
And brought them in distressful plight,
On board the brig St. Salvadore.

LV.

To Portugal they find with joy,
The friendly crew are homeward bound;
But still one thought their bliss destroy,
The lovers rest in foreign ground.

LVI.

When, ah too soon, the tidings came,
Of Julia and Alphonso's fate,
Don Juan Leiras Duke did blame,
They mut'al burn with mortal hate.

LVII.

Revenge their daring bosoms fir'd:
The murd'rers steel they eager grasp'd;
Each other's life now fierce desir'd,
And wounded sore they breathe their last.

LVIII.

Mild patience sat on Carlo's brow,
Though anguish rack'd, though care opprest,
To God's decrees he gently bow'd,
And calmly sunk to peace and rest.

LIX.

May selfish father's lessons take,
From this sad, this simple story;
A sacred promise scorn to break,
And honor's dictates be their glory.

LX.

Adieu thou peerless, lovely maid,
Crush'd by misfortune's chilling gale;
Your op'ning charms did early fade,
Fair, blooming rose of Douro's vale.

The remainder of the day passed in reading and conversing a little with Beatrice, whom she saw but seldom as she was engaged in houshold affairs. She retired as the preceding night early to rest, arose the next morning quite recovered, and opening the gothic lattice of her apartment, inhaled the fresh breezes of morning. The feathered songsters sung gaily, filling the air with harmonious sounds; and the sun darted its invigorating rays through the thick foliage of the trees, dissipating in a forcible degree the lowering gloom and awful grandeur that in general pervaded the whole scene. Her eye wandered over the extensive forest that encompassed and led to her present abode; and she beheld at a distance craggy and barren hills, and the high mountain she had passed, which appeared to lose its head in the clouds.—At this prospect her heart swelled almost to bursting, as the reflection obtruded itself that those hills and the mountain, were boundaries that she was never to pass again;

again; nor ever more to behold those she loved and esteemed; whilst the impossibility of conjecturing who were the persons that had decoyed her away, added to the perplexity of her thoughts.

On the strictest recollection, she was convinced she had never given offence to any individual, to stimulate them to be revenged in this manner; and the idea of any other motive for her being carried off never suggested itself. These thoughts employed her mind till Beatrice came to tell her breakfast was ready, and in melancholy silence she followed her, after making her morning compliments.

As they passed down the staircase she saw Jacome in the hall, busied in cleaning his arms. This day passed as the former, except that her melancholy increased, and in the evening she threw on her veil with an intention to walk in the grounds and park, to endeavor to divert it. With pain-

ful astonishment, however, she fo
self prevented by Beatrice, who t
was as much as her life was worth
her to walk out, and she would
forgiven by Jacome if she permitt

Amelrosa now felt the real mise
situation, as being deprived of
air and a solitary ramble, gave l
uneasiness than any other circu
and endeavored to persuade her to
resolution: observing that it was ir
for her to escape from her ignoran
country, being destitute of money
having seen the appearance of an
tion for some miles before she rea
forest. Her persuasions seemed
an effect on Beatrice; and when
mised faithfully that she would no
to escape, she consented to let her
cautioning her not to wander in
as it was infested with wolves
having not long before informed
he had seen as he was coming

last evening, the boots and hat of a gentleman laying by the side of a dead horse, partly eat away; and supposed from the appearance of every thing, that the wolves had first devoured its rider and then attacked the horse.

As much delighted as it was possible for her to be in her state of captivity, at gaining at length permission to take a solitary walk, she felt cheered and revived as she issued from this melancholy abode with the balmy breath of evening. When she had strolled through the groves of lofty trees that shaded her place of residence, she came to an opening, that offered to view the wild adjacent country, and about two miles, she guessed, distant, distinguished a white building which appeared like a convent.—Clumps of orange, lemon, acacia, and other trees grew around; and a bower of fragrant shrubs, intermixed with beautiful flowers, perfumed the air and invited the passers-by to rest themselves.

selves in it.—Serene was the evening and cool the air; the setting sun shed its bright glory on the tops of the mountains, and the antique casements of the mansion appeared burning with the fire of its rays. The sweet melody of the birds was the only interruption to the universal calmness that reigned in this sequestered situation. All was at peace except Amelrosa's breast: she seated herself in the bower, and the tears fell fast from her eyes on some flowers she had been gathering to place in her bed-chamber.

"Oh my beloved second mother," she exclaimed, "what is now your opinion of your adopted daughter, and what can you imagine is her fate?—Unfortunate that I am, to be torn from so dear, so valuable a friend, and deprived perhaps of her friendship; as she may have been led to suppose that I voluntarily eloped: yet, hard as my fortune appears, ill treated by the man I esteemed, and severed from my only friend without

without knowing what is to be my destiny, let me forbear to repine, and meet with resignation whatever ills are in store for me, and with gratitude thank Heaven for the blessings I have received, when thrown upon the world a deserted outcast." These mournful reflections were, however, interrupted by Jacome, who with a look of sullen anxiety entered the bower.

"I have been searching for you, Signora," said he, addressing Amelrosa, "and began to be uneasy for fear you should have run away.—By St. Jago, my mother must very little value either my life or her own, by suffering you to have your liberty and ramble wherever you like.—If you wish sometimes for a walk either myself or my mother will attend you, as I have no objection to that."

"Jacome," replied Amelrosa, in a voice of so much sweetness that it would have disarmed a tiger of its fury; "I cannot blame you for the vigilance you exercise

over me, as I have not a doubt that whoever employs you, have for their own justification given you very substantial reasons for the severity practised against me, but be assured I am an innocent victim of an unknown power.—However, though I suffer unjustly, I would not wish to free myself by endangering the lives of any one; and if you will but confide in my honor and suffer me to walk out unrestrained, I solemnly vow not to attempt to escape; and you will by agreeing to these conditions, find yourself without any restraint from the fear of my escaping confinement."

The air of sincerity with which she spoke had a favorable effect on Jacome: the sullenness of his countenance disappeared, and after a solemn asseveration on her side not to infringe the vow she had made, he gave her permission to walk out whenever she chose, in the grounds belonging to the house, but never to extend them further; and ever to keep secret her having so much liberty

liberty allowed her. She now found her situation much ameliorated by this per-[redacted]on, and perceiving from some hints dropped by Beatrice, that there was a probability of her remaining for a long time confined, endeavored to reconcile her mind to her situation.

When she had been about a month in the forest of Arvilla, the sweetness of her manners, the benevolence that shone in every word and action, and the patience with which she bore her misfortunes, and the amiable dignity with which she conducted herself, won so much on the hearts of her guardians, that they studied every thing in their power to add to her comfort. As Jacome was often absent for several days, she prevailed on him to buy her materials for drawing, as he informed her he would persuade the person who confined her to permit that indulgence.

When she had procured implements for

this amusement, she entertained herself in sketching the old mansion and the different views the grounds commanded: her chamber being very large and the most pleasant room in the house, she usually sat there, only going below to eat her meals. She ornamented it with flowers and placed a bird in it, which Jacome had caught for her and sung sweetly.

At the verge of a day that had been particularly sultry, Amelrosa left her chamber and descended to the saloon, as it was much cooler than her own apartment. She found Beatrice at work, whose countenance brightened up at the sight of her.—"I am rejoiced you are come, Signora," she exclaimed, "for I am afraid we are going to have a storm, and it is so dismal being here alone. I have observed an uncommon darkness in the sky, a redness in the clouds, and the birds flying very low, which is a sure sign to me that we shall have a tempest.—Lord have mercy on any poor

poor souls that are obliged to be exposed to it. Ah Signora, I dare say you think yourself very unhappy in being confined solitary here, but think how much worse it would be to be destitute of any shelter from the inclemency of the weather, as many poor people are, and have nothing to eat or drink."

Amelrosa smiled at her observations, telling her she thought what she had advanced very just; and then walked to the gothic lofty casement, to observe the state of the weather. A gloomy silence reigned around.—The croaking raven winged its dusky flight to the ruined eastern tower, where the bats and owls had taken up their residence, and were shielded from the howling blast which alternately shook the forest leaves. She turned with pensive dejection from the cheerless view, and seating herself on the antique chair where she usually sat, lent her head upon her hand in melancholy meditation.

This luxurious sadness she did not, however, enjoy long, being soon interrupted by Beatrice. "You seem very sorrowful, lady, but do not give way to it: nobody in the world has so much reason to be sad as myself, but I always try to keep up my spirits.—If you did but know the shocking stories I have been told of this place, you would wonder I could have resolution to live here." Amelrosa, who felt her curiosity excited, intreated her to explain what she meant. "I would willingly oblige you, lady, but am afraid of terrifying you." "Do not be apprehensive of it," she replied, "for I assure you I have a great deal of courage." "Well then," rejoined Beatrice, drawing her chair near Amelrosa, "I shall not be fearful of telling you:—

"You must know, lady, about fifteen or sixteen years ago, I am not certain exactly, that this habitation was magnificently furnished, and a very grand place.—It was originally

originally a Moorish palace, and afterwards belonged to a great nobleman, who built the towers which you now see, and made great alterations in the building. This nobleman had an only child that he wished to marry to a gentleman as rich as himself, but the young lady could not fancy him, having fixed her affections on a gentleman that her father disliked, whom she had known from earliest youth, and who was equally attached to her.

"They were privately married, and as soon as the young lady, Donna Isabella, was pregnant, she was to elope with her husband: accordingly this scheme was put in execution, and they lived happily together till the lady was near the time of her confinement, when her father having discovered the place of her concealment, had her way-laid and secretly brought back to this place, and imprisoned in the eastern tower. The terror of mind she suffered operated so forcibly that she had not been

confined many days before she was seized with the pangs of labour, and delivered of a fine girl, which her father stabbed with his own hand in her presence, soon after its entrance into the world!—The wretched lovely and unfortunate mother, beheld this horrid spectacle with indescribable agony, uttered a piercing groan, and almost instantaneously expired!

"From that hour remorse stung the unnatural parent's bosom, though his crime was concealed from the knowledge of the public by large bribes to the accomplices of his guilt. The two innocent and hapless victims of his revenge, anger, and disappointed ambition, he had buried in one of the subterraneous vaults of the palace, and he fled himself hastily from it. Ever since this period of the murder being committed, the floor of the room has been covered with blood, and the ghost of Isabella lamenting over the body of her infant is said to haunt the eastern tower every night,

night, arrayed in robes of silvery white; while the father, pursued by a tormenting fiend, wanders through the gloomy forest. He confessed his crime at his death, which took place soon after the perpetration of his barbarity, leaving the whole of his possessions to his son-in-law, who was ignorant till his confession, of the fate of his beloved wife; whom he had never ceased to mourn, and did not survive many years. The tower where the amiable Isabella was destroyed, has ever since from that tragical event been named the lady's tower, and the apartments in it the lady's; and the report of its being haunted and the horrible scenes performed there, caused it gradually to be deserted and neglected, though the pleasantest part of the building, and is now in a very decayed state."

Whilst Amelrosa listened with interest and sensations of horror and pity to this tale, a flash of livid lightning darted through the lattice and caused them both to start.

"Holy

"Holy Mother protect us;" exclaimed Beatrice; and shrinking nearer to Amelrosa, covered her eyes.—The flame of the forked element flashed stronger and more frequent, the thunder bursting likewise with awful roar:—peal after peal succeeded.—The vivid lightning illumined the dull saloon; heavy showers of rain beat in torrents against the casements; and the wind rushing through the ruined walls and long passages of this abode of horror, added to the combination of melancholy sounds.

Amelrosa, though impressed with alarm, endeavored to reassure Beatrice, but found it a difficult task, as the storm continued with unabated fury: however, she at last recollected that it was about the time Jacome returned home, and her fears for her own safety were then lost in apprehension for him. "Jacome, my beloved Jacome," she shrieked out, "you will certainly be destroyed by this terrible lightning!" and falling on her knees, she implored Heaven

to

to spare her son, and fervently prayed with her eyes still covered, that God would preserve him.

The tempest continued to rage with so much violence, that the old palace seemed to shake from its foundation; and they dreaded every moment to be buried in its ruins, as the wind howled still louder through the dismantled rooms. Suddenly a loud knocking at the portal roused Amelrosa from her melancholy stupefaction, and caused Beatrice to discontinue her prayers; who exclaimed in a voice agitated by hope and fear, "It must be Jacome returned:" hastening at the same moment to the door, which she eagerly opened; but started back with astonishment as a flash of lightning discovered to her a stranger, supporting a female who seemed nearly fainting.

"We are travellers who have accidentally lost our way," exclaimed a voice, (which

(which Amelrosa knew was not Jacome's and sprung hastily forward to listen) "and in the name of humanity implore your assistance for this lady." Beatrice, who had a heart open to the woes of others, offered to help support the lady through the hall, till Amelrosa approached to assist her, and she then left them, as it was almost dark, to get a light, some dry clothes, and a cordial to recover the lady. They supported her to the saloon, placed her in a chair, and when Beatrice appeared with a lamp found she had swooned quite away, and laid apparently dead.

They sprinkled her with water, chafed her hands, rubbed her temples with hartshorn, and when she began to recover gave her some water to drink, which revived her a great deal; and when perfectly restored to her senses, she relieved herself by a plentiful shower of tears. Her head reclined on Amelrosa's shoulder, who contemplated her with sensations of pity and pleasure.—

She

She was habited in mourning, and her hat having fallen off when she fainted, her golden hair, which reached in shining ringlets to her waist, had escaped from the comb that confined it, and hung disordered on her sable dress. Her melting eyes, blue as the azure vault of heaven, were soft and languishing, and fringed by long dark eyelashes: she was fair as alabaster, but very pale, and looked like a drooping lily surcharged with rain; and had something so mild, so sweet and interesting in her countenance, that it was impossible not to feel the utmost tenderness and compassion for her.

Scarcely could Amelrosa refrain from looking constantly at her, so much did she interest her, and her attention wholly occupied with her, she had not observed the gentleman, till at length casting her eyes on him, she started with astonishment at recognising the features of Montague Glenholme, who she discovered at the same moment

moment was gazing at her with equal surprise; for though they had seen each other not more than two or three times, the remembrance had been too indelibly impressed to be easily effaced.

He was dressed in deep mourning, looked fatigued, and a wildness appeared in his looks as if he had recently suffered some terrifying circumstance. With graceful politeness he thanked her for her kindness to his sister Emmeline, who had been quite exhausted with the fatigue and terror they had undergone. Amelrosa now intreated them to partake of some refreshments Beatrice had provided for them to recruit their agitated spirits.

When they had recovered themselves, Captain Glenholme informed Amelrosa that having lately lost his mother, his only surviving parent, his sister finding herself very unhappy, and not having seen him for two years, had made a voyage to Portugal to visit

visit him. To divert her mind from the grief that preyed on it for the loss of a mother so dear to her, he had obtained leave of absence from his regiment for six months; and intended making the tour of Spain and Portugal, to divert her from indulging her sorrows. They travelled without any accident till they reached the borders of the forest of Arvilla, when a troop of banditti suddenly rushed out from the thickest part of it and surrounded them: they killed their guide, and made Glenholme, his sister and their two servants prisoners, carrying them away in triumph.

The agonies he suffered was beyond the power of language to describe, when he heard the ruffians praising the beauty of Emmeline, and disputing which of them should have her for a mistress.—Fortunately for her, from not understanding Portuguese, she was a stranger to their discourse, and overcome with terror that required no addition.—Providence, however,

ever, interfered in their favor; for they had not been long in the power of the banditti before a carriage appeared in view, which he heard the robbers say they had learnt was well stored with money and jewels, the property of a rich merchant from the Brazils who was going to settle in Spain.—The carriage was very well guarded, and the banditti being but a small party, not more than one or two superior in numbers to the others, could spare but a single man to take care of the prisoners; whose hands they first bound with cords, and eager to possess the booty, set off to attack the men that defended the carriage.

Captain Glenholme's servants had previously been marched into the interior of the forest, with another party of the robbers, before the carriage made its appearance. From the situation in which the prisoners were placed they could distinguish the combat, and when some time had elapsed the banditti appeared to be in confusion,

fusion, as if they were near being put to the rout: at this sight the man who guarded them could not contain himself, and drawing his sword rushed forward to assist his comrades.—Observing this circumstance, and that the robbers were too warmly engaged to notice them, they fled with all the swiftness that fear inspired them with; and having found themselves, as they conjectured, at a great distance from the scene of action, endeavored to disencumber their hands from the cords that confined them; which having happily effected, continued their flight, and were by chance fortunately conducted to the old palace.

Amelrosa shuddered with horror at this recital, and expressed her fears that the banditti might be acquainted with their present refuge, and conclude they had availed themselves of it; but Beatrice calmed her apprehensions by assuring her she had never seen the vestige of a human being approach her habitation, before this lady

lady and gentleman discovered it, though she had resided there several years; and its ruined, desolate state would prevent any person from entering it from the idea of gaining any plunder.

As they were all engaged in conversation on the subject, a loud noise at the door made them start with affright.—Montague flew to grasp a sword of Jacome's that hung against the wall; Emmeline and Amelrosa clung trembling to each other, concluding the banditti were arrived; but Beatrice, notwithstanding her cowardice, recognised the usual knock of Jacome, and telling them not to be alarmed, hastened to unbar the door.

Jacome hurried in and rushed impetuously towards the saloon, where he presented an object of terror to the horror-struck inmates of it.—His swarthy countenance was pale and livid, large drops of sweat rolled down his face, his jacket was covered

covered with blood, and he appeared overcome with fatigue: he started at the sight of the objects in the saloon, who viewed him with dismay, and a thousand frightful and strange ideas presented themselves to their imagination. He attempted to assign a cause for his terrifying appearance, by saying he had encountered a wolf, and that in defending himself from its ferocity he had killed it, and stained his clothes with the blood of the animal; but while he endeavored to wear a composed air, his manner was confused and his expressions incoherent.

Beatrice, whose simplicity and affection for her son made her easily believe every thing he advanced, implicitly gave credit to his story, and began relating the travellers adventures who had sought an asylum with them. He looked agitated and chagrined all the time she was speaking, and made no comments at the conclusion of her tale, but arose with an intention, he said,

said, of changing his clothes, beckoning his mother at the same moment to accompany him from the saloon. The suspicious figure Jacome presented, induced Captain Glenholme strongly to suspect he belonged to the banditti that infested the distant part of the forest: he would not, however, disclose his thoughts to his timid companions from the fear of increasing their alarm, as he perceived their spirits were already sinking with apprehension lest the robbers should discover their retreat; and the tempest continuing to rage with unabated violence, added to the miseries they endured.

From these observations he was firmly convinced, that to impart the ideas he had formed, would overwhelm them with an additional terror that they were ill able to support: while these thoughts kept him silent, and they were mute with a thousand fears, Beatrice returned after an absence of ten minutes, and thus addressed Amelrosa:

"I am

"I am sorry, lady, to be under the necessity of requesting you will retire to your own apartment, and remain there till these strangers are departed, as Jacome has received the strictest orders not to allow you the least intercourse with any person but ourselves."

"Surely you will not be so cruel," rejoined Amelrosa (mortified beyond description,) "as to oblige these unfortunate travellers to be again exposed to the inclemency of the weather on such a night, and to the horrid prospect of falling a second time into the hands of those wicked wretches from whom they have just escaped. I shall consider it as an obligation never to be repaid, if you will suffer this young lady to accompany me to my chamber, as she must require repose?"

"Blessed Virgin forbid I should be so hard-hearted," replied Beatrice: "you may be quite easy about the lady and gentleman, for my son will procure mules early for them to-morrow morning, and

see them safe out of the forest; and in the meanwhile the gentleman shall, if he pleases, sleep on the couch, and the lady in my bed, whilst I make the best contrivance I can for myself.—It is not my fault that you are separated from such agreeable company, as I am obliged to follow the directions I receive: and now that every thing is explained, give me leave, lady, to light you up stairs."

Tears of disappointment and regret swelled into Amelrosa's eyes, as she bade Emmeline and Montague adieu for the night; and with a heavy heart accompanied Beatrice; who when she had placed a lamp on the table hastened away, locking the door after her, a precaution very unusual.

Left to her own melancholy reflections she wept bitterly, as she was apprehensive from a combination of circumstances, that she would not be permitted to see Glenholme and his sister again, which was exceed-

xceedingly afflicting to her; as she had ourished the hope that through their ieans she might effect her deliverance from ier present painful state of captivity. She vas anxious likewise to inform them of the tratagem that had torn her from the protection of Lady Archdale, and confined her n the forest of Arvilla; that she might :lear her character from any disgraceful mputation it had most probably incurred, oy acquainting Captain Glenholme with :he cause of her being associated with two such inferior beings as Beatrice and Jacome, as she feared her singular and doubtful situation would degrade her in his eyes.

She bewildered herself in imagining his thoughts at finding her thus situated, and could not avoid flattering herself he did not judge unfavorably of her, as his manners were most respectful, and he seemed to regard her with compassion. Never since she was conducted to this scene of her misery had she felt so truly wretched;

and several hours she remained awake, the anxiety of her mind preventing rest, till at length she wept herself to repose.

Frightful dreams, however, harrassed her spirits in her sleep, occasioned by the disquietude of her mind; and she awoke unrefreshed, disturbed by the noise Beatrice made in unbolting the door, as the lock was rusted and difficult to open. "Good morning to you, Signora," said the old woman, "I fear you have not rested well, for you look pale and indisposed." "I have indeed slept indifferently," replied Amelrosa. "I guessed right then, lady.—We had so many things to alarm us last night, and the quiet way in which we generally live here, makes us feel more strongly whatever happens out of the common road.—Well, I hope the gentlefolks will have a safe journey home after all their difficulties."

"Are they gone already?" exclaimed Amelrosa.

"Oh

"Oh yes, Signora, at break of day they set off on two mules Jacome had ready saddled for them, and he rode before on another, to guide them to the nearest town ;—I warrant he'll shew them the shortest and safest path, as he knows all the twistings and turnings of the forest. I am sure it is civil, very civil of him.—Well I must say it, though he is my own son, there is not a braver, better-hearted fellow in the King's dominions.—I trust they will not meet with a storm on their journey like to that we had yesterday.—Thank God, it has done no other mischief than the wind throwing down part of the old wall and loose stones of the eastern tower.—Holy Mother, methinks I hear now, the dreadful noise of the thunder, and the fiery flashes of the lightning that darted from the clouds. I was afraid some of the ghosts that they say haunts this old place would have paid us a visit.—I never saw any of them and hope I never shall, but I have heard strange noises that made me quake and turn pale

with fright, many's the time, of an evening and in the dead of the night.—If you were to leave this place, lady, I fear I should not have courage to live in it any longer by myself, after having been used to your cheerful and pleasant company; for Jacome, you know, is not much at home."

"Do you think there is any probability of such an event taking place?" demanded Amelrosa, with the hope of learning from her simplicity, notwithstanding all her caution, if there was any prospect of her speedy emancipation.

"I know no more of it than the child unborn," answered Beatrice, "for I am kept quite in ignorance respecting your affairs, except that I am not to suffer you to escape or to have any companion.—Jacome keeps it all to himself; for though he is a very dutiful son to me, he is as cunning as a fox and a very close disposition. I suppose he thinks it is not right to tell secrets to a woman, as they are fond of gossipping, and might be apt to blab what

what they know; but God knows I have no one to chatter with, so that every thing that is told me is safe against my will.

"I was very sorry, Signora, to take you away from that sweet gentleman and lady, being afraid you might think me ill-natured; but I could not help it, for Jacome was very angry with me for suffering you to see them.

'I have as much feeling for a fellow-creature as any one, mother,' said Jacome, 'yet our own safety and interest must be first considered.'

"Every one for themselves and God for us all.—I believe, Signora, the lady and gentleman were much taken with you too, for though they spoke in a foreign language I heard your name often mentioned. I conclude you told it to them when I was out of the saloon, for I cannot otherwise think how they learned it —The gentleman asked me many questions about you, but could not get much intelligence from me as I was pretty well on my guard; how-

ever, I will say this for him, he is a handsome, affable Signor, and I wish him good luck wherever he goes.—What a sweet smile he has, it would win any woman's heart."

Amelrosa found from the dicourse of Beatrice that she had not the least suspicion of her having seen Glenholme before, a circumstance she was rejoiced at, as Jacome and herself would be less alarmed at her having seen him and his sister. Sad and dejected the day dragged heavily on, and she waited with impatience for the approach of evening, when Jacome would be returned, as she intended inquiring if they reached the neighbouring town without any danger.

He did not arrive till very late, and she was conversing with Beatrice when he entered. With the utmost eagerness she asked after the travellers, but received very little information on the subject, as he merely said

said he had conveyed them in safety to the first place, where they could continue their journey without further molestation. Perceiving there was no more intelligence to be gained, she left Beatrice and her son together, and endeavored to reconcile herself to the disappointment she had sustained, which came with more aggravation from never having since her confinement, indulged till then, the suggestions of hope, which sweetened and soothed the sharpness of her misery: for whatever misfortunes befall the human mind, while it possesses hope, that is more valuable than any other good in this world without it.—Nor should we wonder that finding its blandishments so charming and delightful, we make it enter into all our designs, intermingle it with our actions, and abandon it but with life. But hope, though the first of earthly blessings, if not regulated by reason and supported by virtue, is the beginning of many evils, the occasion of many vices, and the source of frequent afflictions; often

estranges us from happiness, and precipitates us into wretchedness when in pursuit of such objects as are unworthy a virtuous disposition.

CHAP. VII.

For thee I'll climb the mountain steep,
Unwearied chace the destin'd prey,
For thee I'll pierce the wild wood deep,
And part the sprays that vex thy way.

Langho ne.

MOURNFUL but resigned, Amelrosa again resumed the sad tranquility in which she generally passed her hours, since her residence at this solitary abode; and the usual

usual occupations employed her time, interspersed with melancholy retrospections on past events. Ten days had now elapsed since she had seen Montague and Emmeline, and so transient was the pleasure their society had afforded, that it appeared like a fleeting vision of the brain.

The days were now so extremely sultry, being the middle of summer, that it was impossible for her to walk out except in the evening; and lately she had been apprehensive of venturing at any distance from the house, from the fear of encountering parties of the banditti who lurked in the forest. Allured, however, by the beauty of a fine moonlight evening, her inclination vanquished her apprehensions, which she was inclined to flatter herself were ill founded, as Beatrice assured her there was no real danger, never having met with the least alarming circumstance, though resident several years in this place. She wandered through the beautiful groves and

walks that encompassed the ancient structure, which though at present in a state of neglect, and grown wild and rude, still retained traces of having once been in a high state of cultivation; and the bowers in particular yet continued a most enchanting retreat, and in better order than any other part of the grounds. The air was mild, gentle refreshing gales played with the tresses of her nut-brown hair, and frolicked in the snowy foldings of her veil.

The silvery beams of the pale orbed moon floated transparent in the cloudless sky, gave a clear soft radiance to the surrounding scenery, and shone with mellowed lustre on the ruined Moorish palace, whose antique walls and moss-grown towers, fringed with dark green ivy, reared their heads majestically solemn,—a most awful memento of departed grandeur and proud magnificence nearly levelled with the dust. Those who once revelled there, thought Amelrosa, in all the pride of youth, beauty, vivacity

vivacity and health, are sunk, alas! into oblivion;—their much-loved relics mouldering to decay. And silent too and for ever gone, was the unhappy being who had formerly wasted the miserable moments in keenest anguish, whilst tears in gushing torrents bedewed her woe-worn cheeks.—Yet now she rests in peace; affection and pity's tears accompany the remembrance of her worth; and that happiness awaits her angelic spirit in another and a better world, denied her in this; whilst in the memory of her adoring friends and tender, susceptible hearts, she lives till life is no more.

A melancholy softness stole over Amelrosa as she made these reflections, her blue eyes swam in tears, and she moved pensive on through the sequestered shades: by chance her looks reclining towards the ground, glanced accidentally on something sparkling.—Attracted by the appearance she stooped to examine what it could be, and

and on a nearer inspection discovered it was the portrait of a gentleman, fastened to a gold chain broke in two places. She could not by the light of the moon distinguish the features perfectly, but secured it carefully, that when she retired to her apartment she might view it distinctly, as her curiosity was much excited. She amused herself in conjecturing to whom it could belong, concluding it could not have been any length of time in that situation, as the gold was bright and the whole of it appeared in good preservation.

As she continued ruminating on this circumstance, her attention was suddenly arrested by the sound of music at a little distance. She paused to listen—the sounds were delightfully harmonious, sometimes swelling to the fullest and highest notes, then gradually dying away in softest murmurs. This pleasing unexpected interruption to the universal silence to which she was accustomed, quite enchanted her as

as she was passionately fond of mus[illegible] though she could not guess who the m[illegible] cian could be, and seating herself at t[illegible] foot of a tree, whose spreading branch[illegible] formed a canopy over her head, enjoyed the novel entertainment till the dews of eve falling very heavily, reminded her it was time to return home.

As she retired the music seemed to retreat to a greater distance, and then totally ceased. On entering the saloon she found Beatrice had placed her usual repast, consisting of bread and fruit, on the supper table in readiness for her, which having hastily partaken of from an eagerness to be left alone, that she might contemplate what she had found; and quitting her companion as soon as possible she went instantly to her chamber, and closing the door eagerly examined it.—Great indeed was her surprise, and scarcely to be equalled, at perceiving it was a portrait of Montague Glenholme, and a most striking resem-

resemblance.—The sweetness of his countenance was forcibly delineated, and Amelia immediately imagined it had either fallen from his sister's neck, from the chain being broke, which seemed very probable, or that he had it painted for some lady with whom he was in love and formed an engagement, and the chain had been accidentally broken by the fall or some other accident.

What strengthened likewise, the conviction of its being intended for him, if its resembling him was not sufficiently convincing, was a small G in pearls at the back of it, that confined a plait of hair the colour of his. As she had no situation in which she could place it in security, she fastened it round her neck, tying the broken pieces of the chain together with some narrow ribbon, solicitous to take the utmost care of it, that it might not be lost a second time, or injured, as she wished to take the first opportunity of restoring it to its right owner.

owner, in as perfect a state as when she found it.

The shades of evening again approached, and Amelrosa sought the embowering groves and romantic paths that she had of'times trod, amusing herself in rambling from one sweet spot to another, gathering large nosegays from the variety of blossomed shrubs and flowers, that grew profusely and wildly around. When she had reached the most secluded and remote position of the grounds, the same charming melody that had the preceding night so much surprised and entertained her, once more saluted her delighted ears, and sweetly interrupted the general silence that reigned throughout this gloomy situation:—it sounded even more harmonious than before, sometimes appearing to recede to a great distance, then advancing nearer. She listened attentively till the sounds seemed to dissolve away in the air, and at length were heard no longer.

Amelrosa

Amelrosa remained in anxious expectation and hope, that the music would again resume its enchanting harmony, but no rich melodious strain repaid her attention; and resigning in despair all prospect of further gratification, began arranging her flowers, and making some addition to them from the surrounding shrubs, that flourished in beautiful luxuriance.

While engaged in this occupation, a rustling among the leaves startled her with surprise, but recovering herself she supposed it was occasioned by some large bird, as the forest abounded with game. The rustling however, increased; she distinctly heard the footsteps of a man, who seemed to be making his way through the tangled overgrown bushes, and before she had power to fly a tall figure in a hunter's dress, with a fowling piece slung across his shoulder, and a spear in his hand, rushed from the mazy thicket.—A convulsive trembling seized her whole frame, her feet appeared rooted

rooted to the ground with fear; but recovering from her first alarm the sense of her immediate danger supplied her almost with wings, and she attempted to escape with all the swiftness that terror lent her.—The man, however, pursued and soon overtook her; she gave a piercing shriek, and would have been nearly annihilated with the fright she suffered, had not a voice at that moment which she recollected to have heard before, and seemed well known to her, intreated her not to be alarmed. Encouraged by a sound familiar to her and almost breathless, she stopped to recover herself, and found to her inexpressible satisfaction and astonishment, that she was addressed by Montague Glenholme.

A thousand ideas crowded into her imagination with indescribable rapidity, at beholding him so unexpectedly, in a dress thus singular, at such an hour, and so extraordinary a situation. He appeared much agitated and overcome with emotion that kept

kept him silent for several minutes, and the first word he uttered was expressive of the most anxious solicitude, lest the shriek she had given at the sensations of fear she had experienced, had been heard by any one. He requested she would return with him to the spot they quitted, as they were less liable to interruption than in any other place, and to being overheard, as he had something of great importance to communicate.

Without delay she complied with this request, and he began explaining as they proceeded together, the motives for his appearance, which were to endeavor to learn from her own lips, the cause of her residence in the ruined and desolate habitation where he had first discovered her, with no other companions but the old woman and her son. He could not, he said, avoid suspecting from the observations he had made, that she was confined against her inclination, and was determined, if his suspicions were

were well founded, to employ every exertion to liberate her.

Jacome had conducted Emmeline and himself in safety and with great respect, to the nearest town; where most fortunately he had letters of recommendation to a capital merchant residing there, on whom he could draw for money; these papers and letters having escaped the hands of the robbers, from being concealed in an inner pocket of his coat, and the bustle the banditti were soon after his being taken prisoner engaged in, had prevented a farther and stricter search.

Havi[illegible]ome handsomely for the trouble [illegible] given him, he took his leave; but Montague would not hint to Amelrosa his suspicions of his belonging to the troop of banditti, or the uneasiness he suffered as they travelled through the forest, from the apprehension that he might perhaps have planned a scheme to betray them

them to the robbers. As he could not, however, shun the danger he submitted quietly to it; and had the good fortune to find their guide conducted himself most honorably, which rather staggered the ill opinion he had formed of him.

He likewise informed Amelrosa that he had placed his sister Emmeline as a boarder in the convent of St. Margaretta, about a mile and half from the town, and was necessitated to make her believe that business of the most important nature required him to be absent for a few weeks, and therefore he had placed her in a convent, a secure and respectable asylum; [illegible]ould be inconvenient and dange[illegible]m both, to take her with him. D[illegible]n of every description, he observed, was abhorrent to his nature; and had it not been in the cause of humanity he would have disdained to employ it, as he disliked to deceive his sister; but he was more reconciled to leaving her as since their adventure in the forest

rest she expressed much timidity at the idea of encountering any fresh dangers, was glad to be spared the journey he mentioned, though very uneasy from the fear of his being exposed to risk his life.

Had the affectionate Emmeline indeed known to what hazards her beloved brother was liable, by wandering about the forest, she would have been devoured with anxiety and grief; as no situation in the world could be more replete with danger; and most fortunately of his romantic bravery and gallantry she had not the least idea.—Having procured a hunter's dress to disguise himself, should he meet with the banditti or Jacome, and being well armed, he set off determined to explore the environs of the forest, to endeavor if he could discover some cottage or peasant's hut, where he could reside, whilst he essayed to procure an interview with Amelrosa.

After a great deal of fatigue and nearly a fruitless

a fruitless search, about three miles distant from her residence he came within sight of a cottage, superior to those of the Portuguese peasants in general, and found it inhabited by a kind of farmer, who dwelt in it with his wife and children. They received him with the greatest civility and hospitality, and when he requested a lodging for a few weeks accommodated him with the best room in the house; and he found their habitation quite different from their countrymen, being perfectly clean and neat.

Several evenings following he had roved near the palace and wandered about the park, with the hope of seeing Amelrosa; and began almost to despair of it, till he perceived her the first evening she took a walk, and played on a flagelet that he carried about him for that purpose, that it might be a warning to her that a stranger was near, and would prevent her being so much alarmed, as she would otherwise have been

been without this preparation.—Suddenly he thought he distinguished the voices of men at no great distance, and fearful he might be seen and overheard if he addressed her then, he considered it best not to discover himself that night; concluding she would walk out again, and that it would be wrong by a rash precipitation, to destroy the project he had formed, and given him so much trouble.

It had most fortunately happened as he conjectured; Amelrosa repeated her walk and he had the pleasure of introducing himself to her, though he was exceedingly sorry, he said, that with all his precaution he could not avoid alarming her. In the most grateful terms Amelrosa thanked him for his goodness and gallantry, and the risk he ran to endeavor to release her; relating to him in a concise and simple manner, the adventures that had happened to her, by what means she was immured in the forest, and her being totally ignorant of the cause

of her severe imprisonment.—She then eagerly asked him if he had heard what was reported concerning her disappearance in the neighbourhood where she had resided, and in what manner Lady Archdale had supported her loss.

In answer to these questions he replied, that to every thing respecting her flight he was a perfect stranger, as he had quitted Oporto early the next morning after the masquerade, to meet his sister, whom he had just received intelligence was arrived at Lisbon; and was too much engaged during the short time he remained after her elopement, to be acquainted with it; nor did he believe it was then known, as he had no doubt but Lady Archdale concealed it as long as possible with the hope of her return.

They continued in earnest and interesting conversation, Montague proposing that the following evening she should walk out

as

as usual, to a retired part of the grounds, where he would be waiting, and convey her to his residence at the cottage—preparing the good people previously for her reception, as he was convinced from the excellence of their dispositions, they would conceal her from the knowledge of every one, till he could procure proper conveniences for her departure; at all events considering it the best plan for her to remain with the peasants till the heat of the pursuit after her was nearly over.—It being most probable, that whoever it was that had given themselves so much trouble about her, would instantly practise the most vigilant and vigorous measures to regain her; and should they be discovered travelling together, both stratagem and force would most certainly be tried, to have her once more in their possession, and to make her captivity exceed in severity what she had already endured.

Amelrosa willingly assented to this pro-

posal, as the only method that promised her any prospect of escaping: and forgetful of the lapse of time, they continued conversing on this subject and occasionally adverting to others, till it grew very late. They were, however, reminded that it was necessary to separate, by the sound of approaching voices, and Amelrosa distinctly heard Jacome and Beatrice calling her loudly by her name, apparently at no great distance.

At that moment a general panic seized her whole frame; she blamed her own imprudence in suffering the interview to be prolonged more than was unavoidable; and waving her hand to Montague that he should immediately retire, had the pleasure of seeing him disappear among the trees; and then answering to the old woman and her son as they continued calling to her, ran hastily to meet them. She observed at the same instant, that Jacome seemed very

much out of humour, and felt uneasy and disconcerted.

"My mother and myself have been alarmed about you, Signora," said he, "as we are surprised you are not afraid to be alone so late at night, in this dismal place, after all the terrible stories you have heard; and our uneasiness respecting you has been increased by imagining we heard you speaking to some person, who we were apprehensive might be insulting or terrifying you."

"The night was so remarkably fine," replied Amelrosa, "that it tempted me to be out later than usual; and the voices you thought you distinguished, were no other than my own, repeating aloud some poetry I am learning."

This answer appeared to satisfy Jacome, and they returned home together without any farther observation. When left to her solitary reflections she regarded the con-

duct of Glenholme with gratitude and admiration so brave, so gallant and respectful, and she flattered herself no one could affix any blame to her conduct, for confiding herself to his protection, to convey her in safety to Lady Archdale, as she had no other alternative to free herself from her present situation; more especially as he had promised when they reached the town to which Jacome had conveyed them, that Emmeline should be of their party; having assured her his sister was of the most amiable disposition, and expressed so great a prepossesion in her favor, as convinced him she would be exceedingly happy in her society.

Amelrosa's mind wholly occupied on the plan of escaping from the palace, had intirely obliterated from her memory the picture she had found, and intended to restore; however, as she was to see him again in so short a period, she did not much

much regret the omission, resolving to restore it at their next meeting.

On the following morning she packed up a small parcel of necessaries, and contriving to steal out for a few minutes when Beatrice was engaged, deposited it in the hollow of an old tree, at a short distance from the palace, from whence she could easily take it without being observed, before she kept her appointment. Amelrosa was grieved to be obliged to make use of these things that were not her own property, though she could not avoid thinking she was justified in acting thus, from having been involuntarily thrown into a situation that urged her to this disagreeable necessity; therefore flattered herself no blame could be attached to her.

She felt, however, so perturbed and agitated from reflecting on the step she was going to take, on the danger of detection and failing in the attempt, that she was

quite ill and restless; which Beatrice observing at dinner, with her loss of appetite, and her countenance varying every moment, anxiously inquired (as the sweetness of her manners and disposition had won her warmest affection) if she found herself unwell. Eager to divert her attention from the real cause, Amelrosa pleaded a violent head-ach as an excuse for this evident emotion; observing at the same time that a walk in the evening she had no doubt would remove it.

With pleasure she perceived that she was implicitly believed, but was very near reaping a great disadvantage from this assertion; as Beatrice, when she threw on her veil to walk out as usual, offered with ill-timed complacency, to accompany her; saying she had better not go out alone, as she was so much indisposed, and it would perhaps be an amusement to her to have a companion.

Struck

Struck with consternation at this unexpected request, she remained for some minutes silent, but recovered sufficient recollection to evade her kindness, by informing her she intended taking a book to read in the bower, and therefore would not require her attendance, as she knew she was always engaged at that hour in preparing Jacome's supper.

Having escaped this unlucky importunity, with trembling steps she reached the hollow tree, and eagerly taking possession of the parcel, hastened with the utmost expedition to the place of assignation. She had remained but a short interval there, when she saw Montague advancing towards her.—Amelrosa ran hastily to meet her deliverer, and was addressed by him in a low voice; then drawing her arm through his, conducted her by the shortest and most retired way, out of the grounds belonging to the palace, and they found themselves in a narrow path of the forest, so entangled

and overgrown with bushes and briars, that they could with difficulty make their way through them; and Amelrosa's veil and clothes frequently received a rent.—Her companion expressed his concern at her being so disagreeably situated, but said it was unavoidable, as he had explored every winding, avenue and pathway of the forest, and discovered that in this track only they would not be liable to interruption; as the wild, rude state it presented, was a convincing proof it was seldom traversed, and was chosen by him in preference to every other, as they would not here be subjected to meet Jacome or any of the banditti, whose haunts in all probability were at a greater distance. Amelrosa smilingly assured him that she felt so happy at regaining her freedom, as not to bestow a thought on the inconveniences she must expect to suffer, and had no dread but of being retaken.

They proceeded with the utmost speed; and

and encouraged by the apprehension of being pursued, Amelrosa walked the space of two miles with great resolution; but her spirits afterwards began to fail her, the evening being exceedingly hot, and the swift pace they walked, added to the troublesome and rugged paths they were obliged to tread, contributed greatly to fatigue her. Montague encouraged her with all the persuasion in his power, to be as expeditious as possible, saying she must not think of being tired, as they would soon be at the end of their journey.

They had not, however, walked more than half a mile farther, before she found herself so faint with the sensations of terror that pervaded her mind, combined with the fatigue she had suffered, that she suddenly exclaimed, it would be impossible for her to proceed without resting herself first, and sunk exhausted at the same moment on the ground.

Montague knelt beside her and entreated she would suffer him to carry her in his arms the remainder of their route, as they were still in danger of being overtaken by continuing in their present situation. This proposal she would not, however, accept; and exerting her remaining strength, with a great deal of difficulty reached the cottage.—Montague supported her to a seat, and having placed himself by her side, requested the people of the house to procure a glass of water for the lady, as she confessed herself nearly fainting.

The peasants younger children were all gone to bed, and with the exception of his wife and himself, no one remained up but his daughter Florella, who instantly brought a glass of water to the lady; with whose beauty herself, as well as her father and mother, were struck with admiration. She felt much revived with the water and the pleasure of resting; and knowing she was secure after such a fatiguing and dangerous walk.

walk. Montague thought he had never seen her look more lovely, notwithstanding she was ill and weary.

Her beautiful face, which was generally lightened up, with the most brilliant and expressive animation, had now assumed a gentle and pensive cast, partly shaded by her veil, that altogether gave to her countenance the soft and sweet expression of a Madona. Her sparkling eyes were mild and languishing, the fair transparency of her skin was forcibly contrasted by the dingy complexions of the inhabitants of the cottage; and made her appear, though faint and indisposed, with a loveliness not to be surpassed and scarcely to be equalled.

Florella was a sprightly brown girl, well shaped, with a pleasing dark sun-burnt countenance, and long black hair that hung below her waist, but was usually fastened up and tied in a knot at the top of her head.

head. Amelrosa was prepossessed in her favor from the softness and civility of her manners, as she attended her to the humble but clean apartment destined for her. She was so much overcome with anxiety and fatigue, that she expressed a wish soon after her arrival to retire to repose; and having with the asistance of Florella hastily undressed, she threw herself on her rustic couch: and the latter in the sweetest and most respectful tone of voice wishing her good-night, left her to seek that refreshment in sleep which her exhausted spirits required.

When she arose the next morning she surveyed from her chamber the situation of her new habitation, whose walls were covered with myrtles in full blossom, that diffused a delightful aromatic perfume, and were glittering with the spangled dew, whose pellucid drops hung trembling on every plant and flower. A neat garden was in front, and beyond that a small plain.

The

The tall trees of the forest that nearly encompassed this spot prevented an extensive view; but above their leafy tops hills and distant mountains raised their lofty heads.

She had not long contemplated the surrounding scenery, when she perceived Montague issue from the door of the cottage, who looking up instantly discovered her, and after making his morning compliments, invited her to join him. She descended to the garden, and when they had walked a short time, entered the cottage together, where they found the whole family at breakfast, and sat down to partake of this repast with them, though they earnestly intreated them to have a separate table, as they considered it as too great an honor and liberty for them to breakfast with the Signor and Signora. They were however, overruled by their affable guests.

The party assembled consisted of the elder peasants, their son Francisco, a twelve-month

month older than their daughter Florella, who was nineteen, three younger children, Andrea, Janetta and Nina, completed the family group.

Nina was the youngest child, about three years old, blooming, plump and lively, that by her good-humour and diverting prattle, attracted Amelrosa's notice; whose greatest happiness was in the society of children of good dispositions, of whom she was excessively fond. She was rejoiced to add to their innocent pleasure, and to relieve and repress their little woes, as she was of opinion they ought to be suffered to enjoy the most valuable period of existence, unmolested by severe reprehension or injurious indulgence.

Children easily discern those who are kind and affectionate to them, and Nina fondly clung about Amelrosa, followed her wherever she went, and would seldom be separated from her, which her mother and sister

sister endeavored to prevent (though pleased with her attention to the child) from the fear she might be troublesome to the lady. But she soon made them understand the child's society was exceedingly pleasing to her, as without it, time would have hung heavy on her hands;—Montague being frequently absent, rambling and exploring the neighbouring country, with his fowling piece and huntsman's spear, and often brought home a large supply of game.

It was not in her power to pursue any of her usual occupations and resources against ennui, as it was not worth while to procure any materials for drawing, work, or writing, it being quite uncertain how long she might remain at the farm-house. To banish the weariness and melancholy that would sometimes steal over her, with all the good-nature imaginable she would offer her services to Inez, the farmer's wife, when Florella was engaged in tending the goats,

or

or employed in any thing else out of doors, and assist her in her houshold affairs.

When she was thus occupied, Montague viewed her with redoubled admiration; and she could not avoid reading in his expressive eyes, the most tender approbation of her conduct, so gentle, affable and good. He roved about the forest and near the Moorish palace, where every thing seemed to be going on as formerly; and there being no appearance of any one lurking secretly to make a discovery of their place of concealment, or a single circumstance that could give cause for suspicion, induced him to think that Jacome and Beatrice had not perhaps disclosed her flight to the person who had caused her to be confined, from the fear of drawing down vengeance on themselves, and a great deal of trouble; and from these reflections he judged they might depart as soon as was convenient, without any farther apprehensions.

This

This he communicated to Amelrosa, who wished to begin her journey as soon as possible, that she might again see her dear friend Lady Archdale, whom she was impatient to embrace, after so long and extraordinary a separation from her.

Had not this wish and the fear of being retaken entered into all her thoughts, she would have made herself perfectly happy in her present abode, with these simple, good-humoured children of nature, and the society of Montague; who insensibly stole on her esteem by the insinuating fascination of his manners, which were elegantly polite, and the refinement and vivacity of his conversation. Gratitude likewise, for the danger and perplexities he had encountered to rescue her, strengthened her regard; which she innocently increased by cherishing it as a grateful tribute to her deliverer.

Since her escape from the palace of Arvilla

villa she had never ventured beyond the cottage garden and the plain before it; however, a few evenings previous to the time fixed for their departure, Montague persuaded her to take a walk with him, as he thought all danger of discovery was past. The evening was serene, refreshing gales blew soft, and gently moved the foliage of the trees as they strayed on the borders of the forest: no other sounds broke on the listening ear, but the melody of different birds, the noise of a waterfall that poured headlong gushing over some broken rocks into a stream below, that murmured as it flowed; and at intervals were heard the tinkling chimes of the goat-herd's bell, as they climbed and roved amidst the rocks and craggy cliffs, sometimes assembled together by the whistling of the goat-herd.

A sweet sensation of pure unmixed happiness, unallayed by an unpleasant retrospections on the past or painful anticipation

of

of the future, diffused itself through the souls of Montague and Amelrosa. Mutually attached and assured of their reciprocal affection, though no positive declaration had taken place, they felt felicity undescribable in the undisturbed enjoyment of each other's society.

Meek tenderness beamed in the dark blue eyes of Amelrosa, and a brighter bloom than usual glowed in her pure white cheek as she reclined on the arm of Montague, and with delighted attention listened to his well-informed, interesting and persuasive accents.

His eyes frequently spoke the warm emotion with which she had filled his mind; and he perceived she was not ignorant of the language they meant to express. How painful is the reflection that a state so truly replete with bliss is generally of transient duration; and that some disagreeable event in life soon poisons our happiest moments,

and

and causes them to fade away as if they had never existed.

A thousand times Montague was on the point of declaring his passion and offering his hand, but a timidity inseparable from sincere affection restrained him, and he resolved to defer it to some other opportunity which he was assured of meeting with, as they had the prospect of being together a much longer period.

They continued to tread these wild romantic scenes till the forest darkening around cast a deep gloomy shame, and their footsteps were printed in the bright dews that moistened the ground, and shone transparent on the verdant groves and wavy woods. They were mutually pleased with their ramble, embellished by the charms of varied converse and congenial sentiments, returning to the cottage more pleased than ever with each other.

At the close of the day preceding their departure, as they were walking in the garden, they were surprised by the sound of music, and presently after three or four peasants with guittars in their hands, advanced across the plain, from behind some trees that had hid them, with the same number of females.

Leon the farmer, seeing they were rather astonished at this unusual sight, informed them he had invited these people, who were his friends, to have a little dance and amusement, as they were going to lose them, in honor of the Signor and La bella Signora; Amelrosa (thus the whole family styled her) and hoped they would not be displeased at it, for though they were grieved at the idea of their quitting them, they wished to convince them, at the same time, they should always bless the hour that caused them to be acquainted with so good a gentleman and lady.

Montague and Amelrosa expressed themselves much pleased with the attentive kindness of these worthy people, and made them quite happy by appearing to be charmed with the grateful effusions of their honest hearts. After the visitors had partaken of the best rsfreshment the cottage afforded, they arranged themselves on the plain before it, and began dancing the Fandango and Seguedilla, two Portuguese dances.

Even Leon and his wife joined the lively group, whilst Montague and Amelrosa, seated on a rough bench placed round an old cork tree, viewed with satisfaction the innocent festivity of these harmless people, who would not have disgraced the golden age. After contemplating them for some time, they complied with their entreaties, to join them in the sprightly dance. Montague was rather awkward at first, from not being acquainted with the dances of the country; but Amelrosa understanding

ing them perfectly well, soon made him go on better.

When they had danced till they found themselves fatigued, as it was rather too warm for so violent an exercise, they resumed their seat under the cork tree; and little Nina, who was suffered to sit up later than usual that night, as an indulgence, came and placed herself by the side of Amelrosa, who loaded her with caresses; whilst the tear of affection trembled in her eye at the idea of being so soon separated from the sweet child, most probably never to behold her more,—a thought which to every feeling mind is painful in the extreme.

Montague perceived this emotion, and from the observations he had made on the sensibility of her disposition, divined the cause, and could not avoid exclaiming,—"What felicity it must be, to be loved by a heart like your's, susceptible of every

noble and affectionate sentiment!" She blushed at this speech, faltering out some trifling answer; and both conscious of their reciprocal regard, remained for some minutes silent and confused.

Hurried on, however, by an irresistible and unpremeditated inclination, the impulse of the moment, stimulated by the recollection that so favorable an opportunity might not again occur, he disclosed his passion in the most unequivocal manner. He dated the commencement of his predilection for her, from the first moment he saw her at Mrs. Romney's, but was arrested in the pursuit by Don Fernando's assurance that she was already engaged.—Of the falshood of this intelligence he was soon convinced, by learning some time after, that Fernando had offered himself to her and been accepted.

Though exceedingly exasperated against him he would not seek revenge, as he was informed

informed his treacherous friend and Amelrosa were mutually pleased with each other; and respected and admired the latter too much to wish to wound her through her lover; therefore took no further notice, as the case was without remedy.

These circumstances, he added, had hitherto kept him silent, as he was apprehensive she might yet be under an engagement to Don Fernando, which would preclude all hope and render him truly wretched; as formerly he had only experienced admiration of her beauty, but now that he was acquainted with the sweetness and purity of her mind, joined to the fascinating charms of her conversation, he should suffer increase of misery at a disappointment.

He would not, however, have presumed to venture a declaration, though constantly on the point of issuing from his lips, if the fear of losing her for ever, as she was

going to return to a world where she would be so much admired, had not impelled him as a last effort of despair to have his fate decided.

Amelrosa, pleased but overwhelmed with confusion, could not for some moments raise her eyes to encounter his, or reply to his earnest entreaties to listen favorably to him; but when sufficiently recovered, assured him with dignity and sweetness that the obligations he had conferred on her, were impressed on her mind with the warmest gratitude and esteem, and gave him the first place in her regard; but on Lady Archdale, she observed, she entirely depended, and could not without her sanction give him any farther encouragement, as she must be guided by her ladyship's advice and approbation.

She expressed a proper detestation of Don Fernando's false and artful conduct, which added a strong aversion to the indifference

difference she had lately felt for him, and inspired her with a sensation of happiness at being no longer engaged to him.

This knowledge and the condescension with which she had listened to him, quite charmed Montague; and a calm satisfaction stole over his mind, for pure and true delights never disquiet the soul, but leave a mild and pleasing serenity.

The happiness he enjoyed communicated itself to Amelrosa, and both experienced such entire felicity in the certainty of their mutual attachment, that a thousand flattering visions were presented to their imaginations devoid of any unpleasant reflections. All their prospects appeared smiling, embellished by love, which if it banishes not from us the ills that necessarily accompany this life, at least softens and renders them more easy to endure.

The presence and society of a beloved

object is the heaven of a lover who believes at that moment, the first blessings in the world are in his possession, and a new sensation is dispersed throughout his soul. It is not to be believed that he who first painted love with a veil before his eyes, intended by it to shew the blindness of that passion, but either from the weakness or privilege of his art was obliged to hide, what he could not express.—In fact, what colouring, what description, nay even what language can depict, all the changes which affection produces in the countenance?

The dispersion of the peasants, some of them having already departed, awakened the lovers from their trance of happiness; for wholly occupied with each other, they had scarcely heeded what was passing around.

Little Nina, who did not understand what they said, had crept close to Amelrosa, and fell fast asleep; and now observing

serving her for the first time, she was apprehensive the child might have taken cold; Montague therefore raised her up, and carried her in his arms to the cottage, where they soon after all separated for the night.

Amelrosa, however, before she retired to rest, looked at the portrait of Montague with additional pleasure, as she had continued to wear it at his request. When she mentioned having found it, he had desired as a favor she would keep it in her possession till she saw his sister, as it would be more secure with her than with himself.

CHAP. VIII.

O beauty! frail and fatal dow'r,
What storms, what snares await thy bloom!
And in thy best and brightest hour,
Conspire to seal thy hasten'd doom!

Holloway.

NOW sombre night retired with hasty steps, and morn faint gleaming in the east, diffused increasing light and brightened with the opening dawn the farm house, groves and forest glade; when the cottagers springing from their beds, hastened to awake Montague and Amelrosa, who

who had desired to be called up early, that they might commence their journey before the heat of the day would render it disagreeable to travel. They instantly obeyed the summons, and the guide soon after arrived with the mules Montague had ordered.

Little Nina was still in the arms of sleep, a circumstance Amelrosa rejoiced at, as she was happy to be spared the pain of parting from her, and witnessing tears of infantine sorrow she would have shed; and Montague and herself having taken an affectionate leave of the good peasants, who were quite afflicted at their departure, mounted their mules and rode off, followed by the blessings and tears of these worthy rustics, who were rewarded in a liberal manner by Glenholme, for his residence under their humble roof.

The route of our travellers lay for some miles through the forest of Arvilla, and

Amelrosa felt a tremor she could not describe, pervade her whole frame as they journeyed amidst its melancholy shades; though the lofty trees with their branches interwoven, and the deep embowering thickets formed a delightful shelter against the potent warmth of the scorching sun, which rose with unusual splendor when they had travelled about two miles. Its golden rays illumined the mountain's brow, and darted its shining beams o'er rocks, woods, towers and murmuring streams. A sultry heat diffused itself around, the lessening clouds break white away, and bright with azure gleamed the cloudless sky.

They travelled onwards with the utmost speed, till they had nearly reached the last confines of the forest, which Amelrosa perceived with delight that nearly chased the fears that were implanted in her bosom, and prevented her from feeling any regret at losing the advantage of the cool sheltered

tered woods they would leave behind; as travelling through them was attended by one unpleasant circumstance alone, which was, the number of gnats and musquitoes that abounded there, and were exeedingly annoying; but fortunately she was guarded from their attacks, by a very thick veil, that was very necessary to be worn on these occasions.

They continued to proceed with the same expedition, and were traversing a narrow winding path, when the trampling of hoofs assailed their ears, apparently advancing swiftly towards them; whilst almost at the same instant, a similar sound reached them from the ground they had lately passed, rendering it impossible either to press forward or retreat.

It immediately most forcibly struck Montague, that the banditti with whom he always suspected Jacome to be in league, had by some unsuspected acci-

dent discovered their retreat, and been instigated by him to lay in ambush and seize on them, as they journeyed through the forest; speaking therefore, with great presence of mind, in a low voice to Amelrosa and the guide to follow him, he turned as quickly as possible from the direct road.

He then endeavored to make his way through the tangled bushes and overgrown trees, and having with some difficulty succeeded, discerned a small opening, with an intricate pathway leading from it, into which they all instantly struck; but scarcely had they taken breath, when they found themselves surrounded without any possibility of escape, by a small troop of fierce ill-looking fellows well armed and mounted.

One of them immediately sprung forwards and caught hold of Amelrosa, whom he attempted to place on his horse before

before him; when Montague, who had drawn his sword, having exchanged it for the hunter's spear, being more convenient for travelling, the instant he perceived them, rushed furiously on the robber, attempting to defend and rescue her.

But vain were all the efforts of his valorous arm and manly strength unasisted, (for the guide stood trembling with fear) and opposed to such superior numbers, and shrieking frantic with grief and despair, the ill-fated and horror struck Amelrosa beheld the dangerous situation of her lover, and saw him at length fall, pale, bleeding, and pierced with wounds to the earth.

Nature could no longer sustain such accumulated woe, and senseless she was borne away in the arms of the ruffian, who had first seized her.

She remained in this state of insensibility,

bility, till they reached the spot where the robber had received orders to convey her; and having placed her on a bed, after a long interval, she was with great difficulty restored to animation. When she recovered her senses, the disordered state of her ideas did not suffer her for some moments to recollect where she was, or what had occurred to reduce her to her present situation.

Severe and heart rending recollection however too soon returned, and the most painful remembrance of past events suggested itself; when she discovered herself returned to her old apartment, at the Moorish Palace, with Beatrice weeping by her side. The melancholy reflection of her misfortunes, and as she feared, irreparable loss rushed on her mind with the most violent pangs, a gush of sorrow burst from her oppressed heart, and she wept almost to agony.

Beatrice

Beatrice urged her repeatedly and affectionately, to desist from afflicting herself in such a manner as to injure her health; and when she became more tranquil, she endeavored to gain some intelligence from the old woman, (as she perceived she was attached to her) respecting the fate of Montague, but without success.

Whilst Beatrice was exerting herself, to afford her all the consolation in her power; somebody tapped at the door of the chamber, and a gruff voice, which Amelrosa recognised for Jacome's, asked permission to be admitted. She was then leaning on the old woman's shoulder, who having requested that she would suffer him to enter; on this favor being granted, told him to come into the apartment.

But when he entered, what a spectacle did he present to the already weakened and harrowed mind of Amelrosa. He had a large deep cut across his face, covered besides

besides with sweat and dirt, and his hands and clothes were stained with blood, which the too quick and bewildered imagination of the wretched Amelrosa, made her instantly conclude was drawn from the heart of her beloved Montague, and that he had been his principal murderer, and her being again brought back to the palace, made it wear in her eyes an undoubted and probable appearance of truth.

Shrieking wildly she uttered the most affecting exclamations of grief and despair, and then fell from one fainting into another. Jacome, the instant he perceived the effect his presence excited, retired directly, though he formed no other conjecture at the terror she expressed, than supposing it was occasioned by his ghastly appearance, which in his haste to deliver some important communication to his mother, he had forgotten to alter.

To these repeated fits that lasted nearly the

the whole of the day, a violent fever succeeded; she became quite delirious, and raved incessantly of Montague and his murderers; and in the interval of the fits remained in a heavy stupor, insensible to all that passed around,—a situation, if possible, more alarming than her delirium.

Beatrice and Jacome were extremely concerned at the dangerous state of her health, being at too great distance from any place where they could procure medical assistance, even if they were permitted to obtain it, which was not the case. Beatrice, however, fortunately recollected to have heard that a few miles distant from the forest, at the Convent of St. Ignatius, resided a venerable friar, who was famous for the cures he had performed among the peasants in the neighbourhood of his residence, and was esteemed and respected as a charitable and holy man.

With persuasive female eloquence, aided

by Jacome's compassion for Amelrosa, she prevailed with him to wait on Father Gonzalvo, and request he would have the goodness to visit this sweet and gentle lady; and represent that she would certainly expire, unless they had proper advice in what manner to manage her during her illness.

Jacome accordingly departed, and Beatrice continued as from the first commencement of her indisposition, to remain watching by her, never quitting her but when obliged by necessity; and within a few hours this good woman's son returned with the reverend priest, as they both rode very expeditiously from the Convent.

This venerable man arrived at a moment when the lovely sufferer was violently delirious: her eyes were wild, her beauteous head was bare, her lily cheek was pale, and loose and disordered flowed the long and waving tresses of her glossy nut-brown hair.—Sometimes she talked quietly and sung

sung melancholy mournful airs, then suddenly began to shriek and became quite distracted.

When Gonzalvo advanced towards her she smiled sweetly in his face, and said,—"Do not be afraid of me—I would not do you any harm for the world.—I never did any one harm.—They say I am mad, but don't believe them;—I am too happy to be mad,—I am so happy when I am singing dismal songs."

After a silence of a few minutes, and seeming to be intently thinking on a subject that interested her, she turned to the friar, and pointing with her finger, as if she really perceived some visible object, exclaimed in accents of horror:—

"Do you not see that youth laid on the cold earth, so deadly pale, ah! 'tis my Montague! what streams of blood flow from his wound, but my heart bleeds faster

faster for him. 'Twas a fatal deed, or I should clasp him still. Heavy is my head, and I have a dull, dull pain in it, that will not let me weep and quench the fire in my brain. I come, my love, thy spirit beckons me to follow, but first I'll gather flowers to deck thy tomb with wreaths of willow, and sweet the nightingale shall sing upon thy moss grown grave."

From these and many other expressions, which Amelrosa uttered in her delirium; Gonzalvo concluded that some dreadful event preying on her mind, had produced this dangerous disorder and deranged condition to which she was reduced.

Her youth, beauty and appearance of a gentlewoman, though seen to the greatest disadvantage, filled him with astonishment at beholding her in so desolate a situation at the Moorish Palace, without a proper companion, and no other attendants than Beatrice and Jacome, whose dark, sunburnt

burnt countenance, looked more ferocious and suspicious than ever, since he had received the gash on his swarthy visage.

He suspected as he accompanied him, that he was being conducted to the haunt of banditti, but no apprehensions for his own safety, could make him shrink in the cause of humanity, and he always made it a rule to brave every danger to succour a fellow creature.

From the simplicity of Beatrice, he gathered enough to convince him, Amelrosa was confined against her inclination; and in consequence of this information, ordered her room to be darkened, and as much alteration as possible to be made in it, that if she recovered her senses, she might not by recollecting where she was relapse again; and having ordered her to be kept as quiet as possible, and some cooling draughts to be given her, took his leave,

leave, saying, he should call the next morning.

On the following morning, he visited the lovely invalid as he had mentioned, and finding her rather worse than on the preceding day, gave her a composing medicine which would determine, as the disorder was now arrived at a crisis, whether she would recover or not; resolving if he remained the whole night at the Palace, to watch the event.

After the paroxysm of her delirium, she became more tranquil than usual, and fell at length into a slumber, which she had not experienced before (for more than a quarter of an hour) during the period of two nights and one day: and would then start and wake light-headed, after these short and unrefreshing intervals of repose.

This sleep lasted for several hours, and Father Gonzalvo and Beatrice remained in the

the apartment, anxiously waiting the event, whilst they contemplated in mournful silence the wreck of youthful beauty. A livid paleness similar to the snowy garb of death had overspread her countenance; her round and blooming cheeks were sunk and hollow, her coral lips blue and parched, yet the harmony of her features, and the same sweet expression still remained and seemed to triumph over the grim tyrant.

Her sleep at first was accompanied by convulsive starts; but after some time she sunk into a calm and heavy slumber; and so low and mildly did she breathe, that Beatrice almost trembled lest she had expired.

Towards evening she awoke quite sensible, and the apartment being darkened that she might not recollect immediately where she was, nor be disturbed by the light; and other alterations being made to endeavor, if possible, to deceive her, she seemed

seemed as if awaking from a dream; and she could not imagine she was at the palace, as Father Gonzalvo approached the bed to enquire how she found herself; Beatrice keeping in the back-ground, that the sight of her might not bring any cruel recollections.

Amelrosa instantly comprehended from this and some other questions he asked her, that he was a physician, and complained of a pain in her head. Having applied some remedy to it, he desired she might not be disturbed, and retired to the apartment below.

Within an hour he returned to her again, and finding she was capable of listening to him, strove by meek religious conversation to soothe and fortify her mind, yet avoided fatiguing her; and after remaining a short time, and issuing strict orders that every necessary precaution should be taken to prevent

prevent her from relapsing, he set off for his convent.

He repeated his visit to his fair patient on the following day, and had the satisfaction to learn she had had but a slight return of fever, unaccompanied by any symptom of delirium. These were very favorable appearances, though she was reduced to a state of extreme debility, but this was to be expected in consequence of the violence of her illness.

The good father was happy to perceive that she did not dislike his society, and apparently attended with grateful interest to the sacred consolation he offered to her wounded mind. He continued to visit her daily till the fever had quite left her, and came frequently afterwards to inquire after her health, and to urge her to take every method to recruit her strength, as she continued exceedingly weak and was reduced almost to a skeleton.

Past events weighed heavily on her spirits, which were overclouded with a deep melancholy, when she reflected that she had lost, the most valuable blessing she had possessed, a faithful heart; as she could scarcely doubt the death of her lover, when she recollected having seen him fall covered with wounds.

Distraction was nearly on the point of once more seizing her brain, when she remembered that it was for her sake he had been sacrificed in the opening morn of life.

Tears of bitter sorrow would almost suffocate her, as reflection on this cruel event obtruded itself, and she wept incessantly, which considerably retarded her recovery; though her youth, and fine constitution had supported her through the dangerous illness, that had so much enfeebled her fragile frame.

How often did she bathe the portrait of Montague with the tender drops of affection, and looked forward with delight to the moment, when her soul would unite with his in realms of bliss never more to part, and prayed most fervently, that she might become worthy to join him in that heaven, where his virtues would be rewarded as they deserved.

It required a strong sense of religion in her bosom, to enable her to combat against the inclination, that possessed her to deprive herself of existence, which was with difficulty to be endured, since she had been deprived of what alone gave a charm to it.

Severely, therefore, as she had suffered, she yet endeavored mournfully to submit unrepining to her misfortunes; but the trial was painful, and it was a long time before she could acquire any fortitude,

and even when she thought she had acquired most resolution and cheerfulness, some tender recollection would awaken all the keenness of her misery, and she would burst into fresh agonies of grief.

It was her wish to have imparted the extent of her sorrows to Father Gonzalvo, as the purest benevolence shone in his countenance and manners, and the most compassionate and pious sentiments flowed from his lips; it was however impracticable, as Beatrice never left them alone together, which gave her infinite vexation from cherishing an idea that the friar wished to speak with her, on the subject of her afflictions, if an opportunity had offered; as she imagined, she could perceive he had that inclination.

Jacome had not made his appearance before her, since the horrid impression she had received of him, that had contributed

tributed to cause her illness; and it was easy for him to avoid her, as she seldom left her apartment.

By degrees, however, she gained strength, and Gonzalvo then advised her to take a little walk, and sometimes accompanied by Beatrice and himself, or with Beatrice only, she would walk for a short time in the grounds adjoining the palace.

These airings were very beneficial to her health, and from their date she began rapidly to recover; though she still continued pale and thin, with an habitual dejection overspreading her countenance, which denoted a mind overcome with melancholy.

Beatrice and Father Gonzalvo, were notwithstanding, charmed to perceive she was so much recovered; as they had scarcely

scarcely dared hope it, from the extreme weakness and debility that she had been oppressed with, and they feared would languish under for a much longer period.

END OF VOL I.

LANE, MINERVA-PRESS, LEADENHALL-STREET.